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The Vesper Hour, Library Shelf, Representative English Paintings

The Chautauqua Press Chautauqua, New York

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

THE MAGAZINE OF SYSTEM IN READING

Official Publication of Chautauqua Institution

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THE CHAUTAUQUA PRESS,

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POPULAR PROGRAM.

Thursday, June 27	**Opening Day**
Saturday, July 6	**Schools Open**
Saturday, July 27	**National Army Day**
Tuesday, August 6	**Old First Night**
Wednesday, August 7	**Denominational Day**
Wednesday, August 14	**Recognition Day**
Saturday, August 17	**Grange Day**
Sunday, August 25	**Close of Season**

PREACHERS.

The following preachers are already secured for 1907:

¶ **Right-Reverend Charles D. Williams,** Protestant-Episcopal Bishop of Michigan, Detroit, June 27-30. Bishop Williams will be heartily welcomed for the third time at Chautauqua, where he has endeared himself to large numbers.

¶ **Bishop W. F. McDowell** of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, Ill., July 7. Bishop McDowell is recognized as one of the most scholarly, liberal, and progressive leaders of his church. He is a finished and eloquent speaker.

¶ **Reverend John Watson,** minister of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, July 20-29. *Nom de plume,* Ian Maclaren, author of the "Bonnie Briar Bush." Dr. Watson will preach July 21 and lecture July 20 and July 22-26.

¶ **Bishop John H. Vincent** of Indianapolis, Indiana. As Chancellor of Chautauqua, Bishop Vincent will as usual preach the Baccalaureate Sermon August 11.

¶ **Dr. Hugh Black,** formerly of Edinburgh and now of Union Theological Seminary, New York City, August 18-23. Dr. Black is remembered here as a brilliant preacher.

READERS.

¶ **Reading Hours.** Miss Lucine Finch of New Orleans, Mrs. Emily M. Bishop of Rochester, Prof. S. H. Clark of the University of Chicago, Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker of New York, and Miss Alice Chapman of Boston, will conduct Reading Hours during five weeks.

¶ **Evening Recitals.** Mr. Leland Powers of Boston, will appear in three evening recitals, and Prof. S. H. Clark and Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker in two each.

CHAUTAUQUA INSTITUTION

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SPECIAL WEEKS.

July 7-13	The Juvenile Problem
July 14-20	Shakespeare Week
July 21-27	Music Week
July 28-Aug. 3	The Social Unrest
Aug. 4-10	Bible Week
Aug. 11-17	Recognition Week

LECTURERS.

Bishop Charles D. Williams, included in the list of preachers, will lecture on the first Saturday afternoon, June 29.

Mr. Arthur E. Bestor of Chautauqua Institution and the University of Chicago, on American History, July 1-5.

Hon. Wm. Jennings Bryan, editor of "The Commoner," will lecture on "Ideals" Saturday afternoon, July 6.

Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver, Colo., Juvenile Court, and **Rev. W. Byron Forbush** will be two of the prominent speakers on the Juvenile Problem July 8-13.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, will deliver five open lectures and five Convocation talks July 15-19.

Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), author of the "Bonnie Briar Bush," will lecture on the five afternoons of July 20-26.

Hon. Elmer E. Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, will deliver two open lectures and three Convocation talks July 22-24.

Dr. Geo. E. Vincent, President of Chautauqua Institution, and Professor in the University of Chicago, will deliver five lectures on American Social Types July 22-26.

Mr. John Graham Brooks, President of the National Consumers' League, will speak five times in the discussion of the "Social Unrest" July 29-August 2.

Mr. Percy H. Boynton of Chautauqua Institution and the University of Chicago, on American Literature, Aug. 19-23.

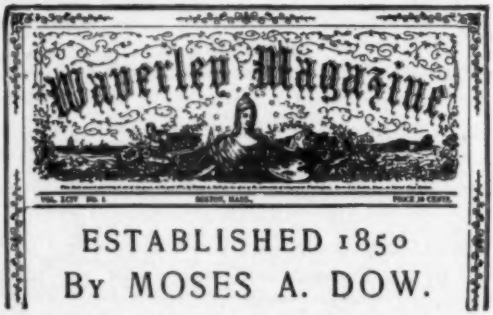
Prof. Stockton Axson of Princeton University will deliver five literary lectures in July, and **Rev. S. M. Crothers,** author of "The Gentle Reader," will appear in August.

Mr. Melville E. Stone, General Manager Associated Press, **Hon. Everett E. Colby,** leader of political reform in New Jersey, and **President Edwin E. Hughes** of De Pauw University, will deliver single addresses at dates not yet determined.

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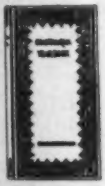
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The Railways for The Nation By **Alfred Russel Wallace**, D. C. L., LL.D. A notable contribution by the eminent scientist and social philosopher dealing with how the people can gain possession of the railways in America in accordance with Herbert Spencer's law of social justice. This paper, which is one of the features of the January, 1907, issue, should be read by all thinking Americans, because of the radical manner in which he advocates the people taking possession of the natural utilities.

Secretary Root and His Plea for Centralization By **David Graham Phillips.** Mr. Phillips is everywhere recognized as one of the most fearless and incisive champions of Fundamental Democracy, and this paper—which will appear in the February issue—by this strong and brilliant Journalist will doubtless occasion much discussion.

OTHER FEATURES OF THE JANUARY AND FEBRUARY ISSUES ARE:

THE TRUTH AT THE HEART OF CAPITALISM AND OF SOCIALISM. By Prof. Frank Parsons, Ph. D.

RECENT ATTACKS ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, WITH A SURVEY OF THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MOVEMENT, ITS IDEALS AND ACHIEVEMENTS. (Illustrated.) By Editor "The Arena."

OUR INSULT TO JAPAN AND THE SERIOUS QUESTIONS IT INVOLVES. By C. Vey Holman.

MUNICIPAL ART OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS. (Illustrated.) By George Wharton James.

PAYING CHILDREN TO ATTEND SCHOOL. By Prof. Oscar Chrisman.

SPOILS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE. By Frank Vrooman.

CHILD SLAVERY; DEMOCRACY'S PRESENT BATTLE WITH THE MOLOCH OF GREED. By the Editor.

THE RAILWAYS OF GERMANY. By Prof. Frank Parsons, Ph. D.

CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES DEMANDED TO BULWARK DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT. By Hon. Walter Clark, Chief Justice of North Carolina.

PHOTOGRAPHY: ITS TRUE FUNCTION AND ITS LIMITATIONS. (Illustrated.)

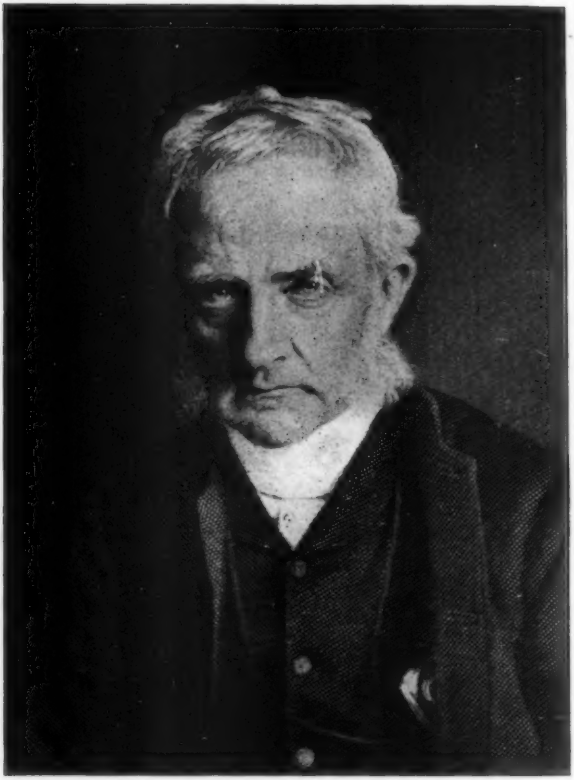
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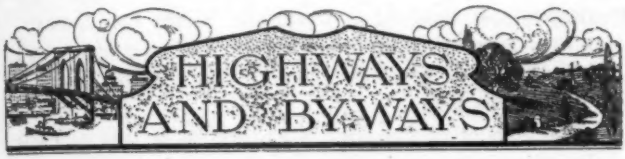
539 Brandt Building, **Trenton, N. J.**



Arthur Penrhyn Stanley

(See "Arthur Penrhyn Stanley," by Charles D. Williams, page 321.)

THE CHAUTAUQUAN
VOL. XLV FEBRUARY, 1907. No. 3



IN accordance with the terms of the will of the late Dr. Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the Swede scientist and humanitarian, who left a fortune for the encouragement of science, moral progress and the arts of peace, the Norwegian Storthing has the privilege and power to award the annual prize for the promotion of universal peace. Candidates for the prizes are, as a rule, nominated by leading educators, statesmen and peace workers. The candidate for the peace prize of 1906—awarded early in December—was President Roosevelt, several American professors having placed his name before the Storthing and several European peace workers having enthusiastically seconded the nomination. The award was made as thus suggested, the President of the United States having been the principal factor in bringing about the cessation of the sanguinary hostilities between Russia and Japan in 1904. It is now well understood that neither of these powers could have carried on the war over Korea and Manchuria much longer, and that both were anxious to conclude a satisfactory peace. But neither was willing to acknowledge the fact and energetic work was necessary to arrange mutual concessions. The President worked hard and displayed great persistence and initiative, and his work for peace in that critical period has been universally commended.

Here is a list of the peace-prize beneficiaries under the Nobel will prior to the award of last year:

Jean Henry Dunant of Geneva and Frederick Passey of Paris, between whom the prize in 1901 was divided; Eli

Ducommun of Berne and Dr. Charles Albert Gobat, also of Berne, who shared it in 1902; William Randal Cremer, the English radical, honored in 1903; and Bertha von Suttner, the author of "Lay Down Your Arms," who won it in 1905 —in 1904 it was bestowed upon the Institute of International Law of Ghent.

The amount of the prize is $40,000, as is that of each of the other four prizes. President Roosevelt promptly announced that he would devote the money to the promotion of industrial peace, which is today fully as important as international peace. He will establish at Washington a permanent industrial peace commission to hear labor controversies and prevent or settle strikes. It is his hope that other contributions and bequests will be made to the fund, and that the commission will be utilized by employers and employed with greater and greater frequency, with resultant benefit to the industry of the United States.

Inheritance and Income Taxation

The President's discussion of the question of taxes on inheritances and incomes as means of securing a more equitable distribution of wealth has stimulated great interest in the economic, political and ethical aspects of the whole subject of wealth and its control. At the annual meeting of the National Civic Federation one of the sessions was set aside for a debate thereon, a debate in which Mr. Carnegie, President Ingalls of the "Big Four" railroad and Mr. August Belmont took part. In press interviews at about the same time Mr. Schiff, the New York banker, and other leading men of affairs freely expressed their opinions on the question. The Civic Federation is to make an investigation and report its conclusions with regard to the proper basis and sources of taxation, including the principle of "graduation" or ability to pay.

Some of the speeches and expressions were notably sig-

nificant of the spirit of the time. Millionaires are now uttering sentiments which only radical leaders of the laboring and poor elements were proclaiming a few years ago. Thus Mr. Carnegie, who is opposed to a tax on income because it involves, in his opinion, "inquisitorial" methods and invasion of personal and industrial liberties, strongly advocates an inheritance tax. He does so on these remarkable grounds:

The subject of wealth distribution will not down. It is obviously unequal, strangely unequal. Let us see for a moment how wealth arises. We will take a farmer with two sons; he says to them, 'I can give you each a farm.' They marry nice ladies, known in the neighborhood, of good kith and kin, and are happily married—thank fortune. They find two farms, one in the northern part of this island, and the other across the river in Harlem, and they are both the same price. They draw lots which shall get the Harlem farm, and which shall get the Manhattan farm. The Manhattan farm falls to the younger. They go on and cultivate their farms with equal ability and assiduity. They are splendid neighbors, very thoughtful of every poor neighbor, by accident or otherwise; helping everybody; public-spirited men, irreproachable citizens. The children of the one become millionaires. The city has expanded. There are large buildings now, from which they draw rents, where once the farm stood. The other farmer keeps along, well doing, in comfortable circumstances, his children having (fortunately for them, I think), an advantage over their cousins; they have to do something in order to justify the world in supporting them.

Go on, generation after generation, and the first are millionaires. Ten to one, from my experience with young millionaires, ten to one they are very far from being the useful, creditable American citizens that the children are of the poorer man. Who made the wealth of the one family? Not ability, foresight, industry, labor. Nothing of the kind. It grew while the man slept—and probably the best thing that the man ever did was to forget he had it, he might have sold it if he had been thinking of it.

Now tell me, my fellows of the Civic Federation, is there anything of equality in that? Is there anything to glorify the one family or to reward the one family against the other? Who made that wealth? The community, the population, the people. Then you tell me that wealth is

sacred. I say that the community was the leading partner that made that wealth. It was hundreds of people settling up there, thousands of people settling around there, and here these millionaires who have toiled not, neither have they spun, they come and they die.

I am not in favor of touching the bee when it is making honey. Let the bee work. But when he passes away, then I say the silent partner, the community that made that wealth should receive its dividend—a large proportion.

Mr. Ingalls holds that high protection, special franchises and other privileges, and railway discriminations, direct and indirect, are responsible for the "swollen fortunes" of our multi-millionaires. He strongly favors a progressive income tax and legislation for equal division of estates of a decedent among his heirs.

Mr. Jacob Schiff is another earnest advocate of a progressive income tax, which he holds to be the fairest of all taxes.

In the press of the country both income and inheritance taxation systems have found remarkable support. The difficulty of equitably enforcing such taxes has been pointed out by some political economists but, on the other hand, it is recognized that the present methods of taxation, federal and local, are unequal and unfair in many respects. A change is inevitable, and as far as the federal phase of the question is concerned, there seems to be no satisfactory alternative to progressive taxation of incomes and possibly, of inheritance.

The State and Inheritance Taxes

In connection with the current tax discussion, an instructive statement has been prepared by the Census Bureau showing the income derived by the several states in the Union from inheritance taxes. The data covers the year 1902, but no complete figures are available for a later twelvemonth.

The states that taxed inheritances in 1902 numbered twenty-five. Here is the list with the respective amounts realized:

California	$ 290,447	New York	3,304,555
Colorado	269	North Carolina	4,245
Connecticut	334,735	Ohio	13,055
Delaware	988	Pennsylvania	1,231,706
Illinois	523,816	Tennessee	35,639
Iowa	117,336	Utah	1,639
Maine	32,877	Vermont	29,442
Maryland	83,780	Virginia	16,266
Massachusetts	433,710	Washington	1,524
Michigan	164,683	West Virginia	6,346
Missouri	229,854		
Minnesota	6,077	Continental U. S.	$7,035,910
Montana	36,331	Hawaii	1,393
Nebraska	32		
New Jersey	149,577	Total	$7,037,303

It is known that the aggregate has increased since 1902. For 1906, in all probability, it would reach $12,000,000. Even this sum is really insignificant, and some writers have expressed surprise that the states should have failed to utilize to a much greater extent this source of income. There are many explanations of this failure. No argument can be based on the figures with regard to the future of inheritance taxation. It is regarded as certain that the neglect will not continue indefinitely, and it has been suggested that the states rather than the federal government should impose inheritance taxes—first, because they cannot levy tariff duties, and second, because they do more for the citizen than the national government. Justice and the maintenance of order are state functions in the main, while health, fire protection, etc., are functions delegated to the municipal corporations. There would be no uniformity, however, in the tax were it reserved for the states, and they would not be likely to make it an instrument of better distribution of the national wealth.

The Growth of the Federal Power

Secretary Root delivered an address in December which has excited attention, comment and criticism throughout the country. In some quarters it was entirely misunderstood, interpreted as a "threat," or, at least, as a bold announcement of a new policy—a policy of concentration of power in

the federal government and invasion of the rights and sphere of the states. A connection was discovered between it and the President's advocacy of a constitutional amendment giving Congress the authority to deal with marriage and divorce, of federal incorporation of companies engaged in interstate commerce, of federal insurance legislation, and so on. Not only Democrats of the "old school," but even Republicans, hastened to dissent from what they supposed to be Mr. Root's views, and to declare their belief that the time had rather come to check the tendencies toward federal encroachment upon state rights.

But Secretary Root's speech was neither a threat nor a declaration of policy. It was perhaps a warning in one sense, but essentially it was a discussion of observable facts and currents.

The Secretary of State, it is true, spoke of the growing sense of nationality, of the disappearance of state barriers, of the influence of trade and travel and rapid means of communication in fostering unity and homogeneity, and of the growth of federal power and activity. He said, for example, alluding to the meat and pure food legislation, that—

> It is plainly to be seen that the people of the country are coming to the conclusion that in certain important respects the local laws of the separate states, which were adequate for the due and just regulation and control of the business which was transacted and the activity which began and ended within the limits of the several states are inadequate for the due and just control of the business and activities which extend throughout all the states, and that power of regulation and control is gradually passing into the hands of the national government.

All this, however, is within the domain of notorious fact. With reference to the future of our dual system of government, the gist of Mr. Root's thoughtful remarks is embodied in the following closing paragraph of the address:

> It is useless for the advocates of state rights to inveigh against the supremacy of the Constitutional laws of the United States or against the extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control where the States them-

selves fail in the performance of their duty. The instinct for self government among the people of the United States is too strong to permit them long to respect any one's right to exercise a power which he fails to exercise. The Governmental control which they deem just and necessary they will have.

It may be that such control could better be exercised in particular instances by the governments of the States, but the people will have the control they need either from the States or from the national Government, and if the States fail to furnish it in due measure sooner or later constructions of the Constitution will be found to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the national Government.

The true and only way to preserve State authority is to be found in the awakened conscience of the States, their broadened views and higher standard of responsibility to the general public, in effective legislation by the States in conformity to the general moral sense of the country, and in the vigorous exercise for the general public good of that State authority which is to be preserved.

What Mr. Root perceives and seeks to impress upon all is the fact that constitutional restrictions are made for men, not men for constitutional restrictions; that, in other words, needs that are urgent and great must and will be met regardless of charters and legal limitations that were the product of other times, other conditions and other sentiments. Laws and institutions are means to ends. The end is political and social health, justice, opportunity. When given means cease to subserve these ends, the people discard the former and devise new means.

It is a significant fact that when certain Democratic organs attempted to "make an issue" out of Secretary Root's address, and intimated that the next convention of their party should condemn the "new federalism" as a gratuitous and audacious assault on state rights and "old landmarks," the first to rebuke and answer them were other leading Democratic organs. "No," said the latter, "state rights will not be permitted to bar the way to relief from real evils, corporate or other. The people will not be imposed upon by sophistical pleas of vested privileges and 'swollen fortunes'

that find in the doctrine of state rights a convenient shield against proper and effective regulation." The real question is not one of state versus national authority but of individual rights and the general welfare versus monopoly and concentrated wealth oppressively used.

The Lords and Commons in England

From all indications a struggle between the House of Commons and the "irresponsible" upper house is inevitable in Great Britain. The lords have "killed" two of the important measures of the Liberal government, and Premier Campbell-Bannerman has intimated that such summary treatment by a "standing Tory committee" (for the House of Lords is overwhelmingly Tory) of acts passed by the people's elected representatives under a mandate from the voters could not be acquiesced in. He hinted at certain "constitutional means" of vindicating the authority of the Commons, and there is much active speculation as to his intentions and meaning.

One of the bills referred to is the Education bill, the leading measure of the year. The "amendments" the Lords had united on were so far-reaching and so incompatible with the spirit of the government's education policy—one made religious teaching in the schools compulsory, and the other involved a long step toward the re-establishment of denominational teaching—that the government refused to accept them and asked the Commons to reject the "reconstituted bill" without a discussion of details.

The other bill abolished all plural voting and applied to national elections the principle that had years ago been established in county and other local elections—the principle of "one man, one vote." The Liberals hold that the democratic spirit of the times utterly condemns the privilege of voting in as many constituencies as the voter has property in, and the idea of some men casting ten or even twenty votes in one election is deemed abhorrent. It is true that



Hon. James Bryce
New British Ambassador to United States.



Sir H. Mortimer Durand,
Retiring British Ambassador



President Roosevelt,
Winner of the Nobel Peace Prize.



Andrew Carnegie,
Who Advocates a Heavy Inheritance Tax.



Hon. Elihu Root,
Secretary of State.



The Late Bishop C. C. McCabe,
M. E.



In the Rubber Coils

Scene: The Congo "Free" State.

—*From Punch.*

three-fourths of the "plural voters" are Tories in politics, and that the abolition of this privilege would be highly advantageous to the Liberal party. This however, is not considered to be a good reason against an effort by that party to get rid of a political anachronism and injustice while it is in power.

The House of Lords thought otherwise and rejected the bill after the Commons had passed it by a decisive majority. This action has offended the laboring classes, and there has been a vigorous protest from their leaders against it. The old cry, "mend or end the House of Lords," has been raised, and some interesting developments may be expected early this year.

At one time it was supposed that the government would dissolve Parliament on the issues in question and "appeal to the country," making the reform of the House of Lords a prominent part of its program. The Cabinet has made it clear that it will not dissolve Parliament forthwith. It will probably introduce another education bill, perhaps one entirely secularizing the public school and give the Lords another chance. An Irish autonomy bill—a step toward home rule—is also to be introduced and piloted through the Commons. This will involve considerable work and the postponement of the conflict with the Lords; but that the conflict can be avoided, no thoughtful observer of events appears to believe.

News Notes From Abroad

Mr. Holman Hunt at Manchester—Mr. Holman Hunt, with Mrs. Hunt, attended the opening at Manchester of an exhibition of his collected works, which has been organized by the Art Gallery Committee of the corporation. Mrs. Holman Hunt having briefly declared the exhibition open, Mr. Holman Hunt delivered an address. Mr. Hunt said that from his infancy the name of Manchester had been with him one to conjure with. In his early days he was in a Manchester warehouse, of which his father was manager. Later in life his interest was extended by the fact that he was in contact with the great Richard Cobden as his clerk and

used to read his speeches on the Corn Laws. His interest remained when, in 1844 or 1845, he had a picture to send to the provinces, and it was quite natural to his feelings to send it to Manchester. It was a boyish effort, but was accepted there, and any one looking in the old catalogues of the institute would find it under the title of "Little Nell and her Grandfather." The memorable exhibition of 1857 contained several of his own works. He was pleased that the works before him ranged from grave to gay, from lively to severe. Alluding at some length to the suggestion which has been made that "The Lady of Shalott" was not painted by him, Mr. Holman Hunt said he could bring many witnesses to show that he began it fifteen years ago. Sir John Millais and Sir Edward Burne-Jones both saw it when it was partially advanced. When his great defect of eyesight came to him he could still see—as he could now—well enough to distinguish the different hues of every colour on the palette close to his eyes, and could also tell the form of things if he looked at them singly. He could still see enough to enable him to act as overseer and to direct men working under him. However, after the difficulty began to show itself he found it desirable to get an assistant, as he wanted always to be sure that his paints had blended before they dried. As Canon Rawnsley had stated, he selected an assistant to enable him to finish the picture, and the gentleman he selected was Mr. Edward R. Hughes, a member of the Royal Water-Colour Society, an accomplished artist. Concluding, Mr. Holman Hunt said the proposal to purchase the picture for the nation had come from people quite outside himself, and he hoped that no one would support the purchase with the idea of obliging him. The people who were interested should decide solely on the question of the picture's suitability or otherwise.—*London Times.*

* * *

Dr. von Lecoq, a scientific emissary of the Prussian Government, has arrived safely at Srinagar after a journey through the most remote parts of Central Asia. He has brought with him a quantity of highly interesting paintings on stucco, the backgrounds in many cases being of gold leaf as in Italian work, and a number of manuscripts in ten different languages and one wholly unknown tongue. Dr. Lecoq's discoveries probably constitute the greatest archæological find since the days of Layard and Rawlinson.

* * *

The Withdrawal of the Garrison from St. Helena—The *Cluny Castle* arrived at St. Helena on October 25, embarked the troops of the garrison on the 27th, and sailed on the 29th. The embarkation was not marked by many demonstrations of sentiment. The people, having drifted from a state of indignation into a sort of apathy, accepted the withdrawal as inevitable. There is no doubt however, that the departure of the garrison is very keenly felt, for it means the disappearance of the islanders' most tangible source of subsistence. The island is now without means of defence, the six-pounders, the powder, the shell, and the appliances for the six-inch guns having been taken away. For the first time in the history of St. Helena the troops have been withdrawn entirely.



Shooting Stars (Kier Hardie and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman)
Will they destroy one another?

(English cartoon upon the relations of the Labor and Liberal parties.)

* * *

The London County Council is endeavoring to construct a low level sewer under a part of St. Paul's Churchyard. Some opposition has been aroused for the reason that the proposed excavations will, it is feared, injure the cathedral. The Council has been assured by engineers that no damage will ensue. Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, wished, at the time of its construction, to run the foundations down to blue clay, but his far-seeing advice was not complied with.

* * *

A proposal has recently been made at Cairo, Egypt, for the founding of a national university modeled on European lines.

* * *

Cecil Rhodes' great project, a railway from Cairo to Cape Town, bids fair to be realized at no very remote day. In North Africa about 1,600 miles has been completed or projected; in South Africa 2,000 miles. In addition there is a long waterway on Lake Tanganyika.

* * *

Under the self-government granted by the new Transvaal constitution which has recently gone into effect, the Boers are endeavoring to become the dominant party in the parliament by securing the support of some of the various British factions.

The authorities of British East Africa have taken measures to encourage immigrants from India to settle on agricultural land in the vicinity of Victoria Nyanza.

FROM PUNCH.

Another Scandal About J. Cæsar—Was He a Bigamist?—"It is generally admitted even in the Radical camp, that the Ides of next March are likely to prove as fatal to the Progressive spendthrifts of L. C. C. as they did to Lady Macbeth's wretched husband."—*London Correspondent of The Liverpool Courier.*

* * *

King Leopold has declared to an American journalist that he is a poorer man because of the Congo Free State. You can get these American journalists to swallow anything. This comes of not being able to understand the humour of any country but their own.

Wellington himself was a stern, though not an over-severe disciplinarian. Some of his hard stand-up fights might be said to have been won by force of discipline. Trafalgar and Waterloo are examples."—*Manchester Daily Dispatch.*

* * *

Another statue has been stolen from the Louvre. Some cities have all the luck. No one steals any of our London statues.

* * *

The late General Shafter weighed 21 stone. This is partially explained by the fact that he had an iron will.



The Heart of England*

Warwickshire

By Katharine Lee Bates

Professor of Literature in Wellesley College.

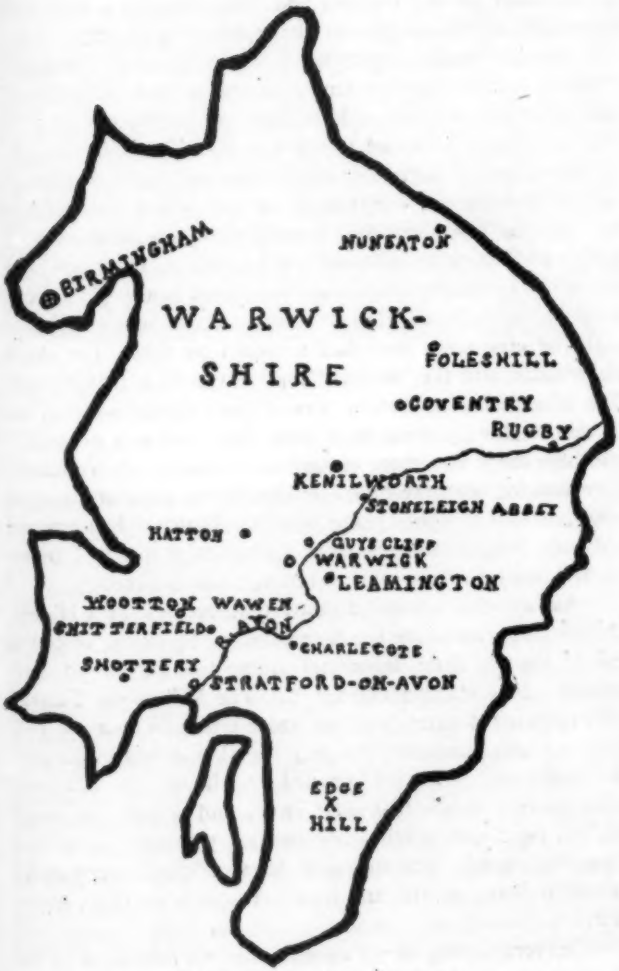
A few miles to the north-west of Coventry lies the village of Meriden, which is called the center of England. There on a tableland is a little pool from which the water flows both west and east, on the one side reaching the Severn and the British Channel, on the other the Trent and the North Sea. "Leafy Warwickshire" is watered, as all the world knows, by the Avon. The county, though its borders show here and there a hilly fringe and though the spurs of the Cotswolds invade it on the south, is in the main a fertile river-basin, given over to agriculture and to pasturage. The forest of Arden, that once covered the Midlands, is still suggested by rich-timbered parks and giant trees of ancient memory. On the north, Warwickshire tapers up into the Staffordshire coal-fields and puts on a manufacturing character. The great town of this district is Birmingham, capital of the hardware industries.

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*This is the third of a series entitled "A Reading Journey in English Counties" which will appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN from December to May. The journey begins with the Border and Lake Country and concludes with Cornwall at the southwestern extremity of England. The articles which have already appeared are "The Border" and "The Lake Country," December; "Lancashire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire," January.

It was from Birmingham that we started out on our Warwickshire trip. We had but a hasty impression of a well-built, prosperous, purposeful town, but if we had known at the time what masterpieces of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood were to be seen in the Art Gallery we would have taken a later train than we did for Nuneaton. Here we bade farewell to railways, having decided to "post" through the county. Our automobile scamper across Staffordshire had left us with a conviction that this mode of travel was neither democratic nor becoming,—least of all adapted to a literary pilgrimage. We preferred to drive ourselves, but the English hostlers, shaking their stolid heads, preferred that we should be driven. It was only by a lucky chance that we had found, in the Lake Country, a broad-minded butcher who would trust us on short expeditions with "Toby" and a pony-cart. After all, it is easier to adapt yourself to foreign ways than to adapt them to you, and the old, traditional, respectable method of travel in England is by post. The regular rate for a victoria,—which carries light luggage—and a single horse, is a shilling a mile, with no charge for return, but with a considerable tip to the driver. In out-of-the-way places the rate was sometimes only ninepence a mile, but in the region most affected by tourists it might run up to eighteenpence. So at Nuneaton we took a carriage for Coventry, a distance, with the digressions we proposed, of about twelve miles, and set out, on a fair August afternoon, to explore the George Eliot country.

Our driver looked blank at the mention of George Eliot, but brightened at the name of Mary Anne Evans. He could not locate for us, however, the school which she had attended in Nuneaton, but assured us that "Mr. Jones ud know." To consult this oracle we drove through a prosaic little town, dodging the flocks of sheep that were coming in for the fair, to a stationer's shop. Mr. Jones, the photographer of the neighborhood, proved to be as well versed in George Eliot literature and George Eliot localities as he was



Sketch Map of Warwickshire.

generous in imparting his knowledge. He mapped out our course with all the concern and kindliness of a host and practically conferred upon us the freedom of the city.

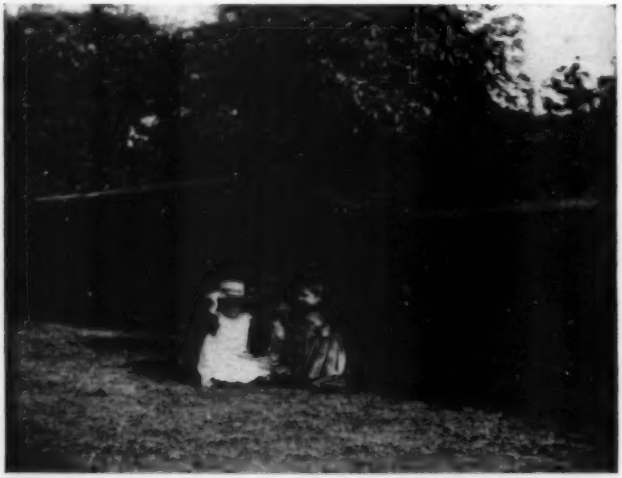
Nuneaton was as placidly engaged in making hats and ribbons as if the foot of genius had never hallowed its soil, and went its ways regardless while we peered out at inns and residences mirrored in George Eliot's writings. The school to which Robert Evans' "little lass" used to ride in on donkeyback every morning, as the farmers' daughters ride still, is The Elms on Vicarage street,—a plain bit of a place, with its bare walls and hard forms, to have been the scene of the awakening of that keen intelligence. We were duly shown the cloak-closet, to reach whose hooks a girl of eight or nine must have had to stand on tiptoe, the small classrooms, and the backyard that served as a playground. The educational equipment was of the simplest,—but what of that? Hamlet could have been "bounded in a nutshell," and here there was space enough for thought. A Nuneaton lady, lodging with the caretaker during the vacation, told us with a touch of quiet pride that her husband had known "Marian Evans" well in their young days and had often walked home with her of an evening from the rectory.

As we drove away toward that rectory in Chilvers Coton, the parish adjoining Nuneaton on the south, we could almost see the little schoolgirl riding homeward on her donkey. It is Maggie Tulliver, of "The Mill on the Floss," who reveals the nature of that tragic child, "a creature full of eager and passionate longing for all that was beautiful and glad; thirsty for all knowledge; with an ear straining after dreamy music that died away, and would not come near to her; with a blind unconscious yearning for something that would link together the wonderful impressions of this mysterious life, and give her soul a sense of home in it."

Chilvers Coton, like Nuneaton, has no memories of its famous woman of letters. The only time we saw her name that afternoon was as we drove, two hours later, through



South Farm, Arbury, Warwickshire, George Eliot's Birthplace
Photograph by F. R. Jones, Nuneaton.



Where George Eliot, as a Little Girl, Attended School, "The Elms," Nuneaton
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



George Eliot's Schoolroom, Nuneaton
Photograph by F. R. Joncs, Nuneaton.



Going to the Fair, Nuneaton
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



Griff House, Nuneaton, George Eliot's Childhood Home
Photograph by F. R. Jones, Nuneaton.



Cedars of Lebanon, Griff House
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



Getting in the Harvest, Warwickshire



Old Barn at Wilmcote
Photograph by Katharine Coman.

a grimy colliery town where a row of posters flaunted the legend:

ASK FOR GEORGE ELIOT SAUCE.

But in the Chilvers Coton church, familiar to readers of "Scenes from Clerical Life," is a window given by Mr. Isaac Evans in memory of his wife, not of his sister, with an inscription so like Tom Tulliver's way of admonishing Maggie over the shoulder that we came near resenting it:

"She layeth her hands to the spindle."

But we would not flout the domestic virtues, and still less would we begrudge Tom's wife,—not without her share of shadow, for no people are so hard to live with as those who are always right,—her tribute of love and honor. So with closed lips we followed the sexton out into the churchyard, past the much-visited grave of "Milly Barton," past the large recumbent monument that covers the honest ashes of Robert Evans of Griff, and past so many fresh mounds that we exclaimed in dismay. Our guide, however, viewed them with a certain decorous satisfaction and intimated that for this branch of his craft times were good in Chilvers Coton, for an epidemic was rioting among the children. "I've had twelve graves this month already," he said, "and there"—pointing to where a spade stood upright in a heap of earth—"I've got another today." We demurred about detaining him, with such pressure of business on his hands, but he had already led us, over briars and sunken slabs, to a stone inscribed with the name of Isaac Pearson Evans of Griff and with the text:

"The memory of the just is blessed."

As we stood there, with our attendant ghoul telling us, in rambling, gossipy fashion, what a respectable man Mr. Isaac Evans was, and how he never would have anything to do with "his sister for years, but after she married Mr. Cross he took her up again and went to her funeral,"—how could we force out of mind a passage that furnishes such strange commentary on that graven line?



Charlecote Park Entrance, Warwickshire
Photograph by Katharine Coman.

Tom, indeed, was of opinion that Maggie was a silly little thing. All girls were silly. * * * Still he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her, make her his housekeeper, and punished her when she did wrong. * * * Tom, you perceive, was rather a Rhadamanthine personage, having more than the usual share of boy's justice in him—the justice that desires to hurt culprits as much as they deserve to be hurt, and is troubled with no doubts concerning the exact amount of their deserts.

It is in this parish of Chilvers Coton that George Eliot was born, in a quiet brown house set among laden apple-trees, as we saw it, with a bright, old-fashioned garden of dahlias, sweet peas, and hollyhocks. The place is known as South Farm or Arbury Farm, for it is on the grounds of Arbury Priory, one of the smaller monasteries that fell prey to Henry VIII, now held by the Newdigate family. We drove to it through a park of noble timber, where graceful deer were nibbling the aristocratic turf or making inquisitive researches among the rabbit warrens. Robert Evans,



Charlecote Park
Photograph by Katharine Coman.

of Welsh origin, was a Staffordshire man. A house-builder's son, he had himself begun life as a carpenter. Adam Bede was made in his likeness. Rising to the position of forester and then to that of land agent, he was living, at the time of his daughter's birth, at Arbury Farm, in charge of the Newdigate estate. Three or four months later, he removed to Griff, an old brick farm-house standing at a little distance from the park, on the high road. Griff House passed, in due course of time, from the occupancy of Robert Evans to that of his son, and on the latter's death, a few years ago, was converted into a Dairy School "for gentleman-farmers' daughters." Pleasant and benignant was its look that August afternoon, as it stood well back among its beautiful growth of trees,—cut-leaf birch and yellowing chestnut, Cedar of Lebanon, pine, locust, holly, oak and yew, with a pear-tree pleached against the front wall on one side, while the other was thickly overgrown with ivy. Gera-



The Clock Tower of Warwick Castle



Ford's Hospital, Coventry



A Quaint Corner in Coventry



The Almshouse Court, Coventry

Photographs by Katharine Coman.

niums glowed about the door, and the mellow English sunshine lay softly over all. This was a sweet and tender setting for the figure of that ardent wonder-child,—a figure imagination could not disassociate from that of the sturdy elder brother, whose presence—if he were in affable and condescending mood—made her paradise.

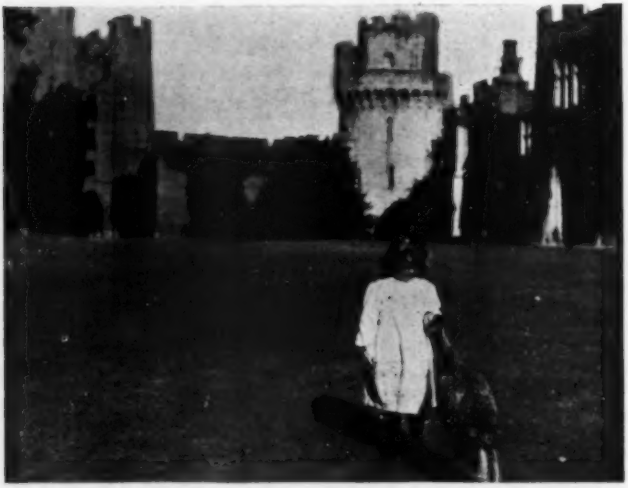
They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them. They would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of each other. * * * Life did change for Tom and Maggie; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of those first years would always make part of their lives. We could never have loved this earth so well if we had had no childhood in it.

We forgave, as we lingered in that gracious scene, "the memory of the just." For all Tom's virtues, he had given Maggie, though she was her father's darling and had no lack of indulgent love about her, the best happiness of her childhood. Across the years of misunderstanding and separation she could write:

> "But were another childhood's world my share,
> I would be born a little sister there."

We had even a disloyal impulse of sympathy for these kinsfolk of genius, who must needs pay the price by having their inner natures laid bare before the world, but we checked it. Our worlds little or large, are bound to say and believe something concerning us: let us be content in proportion as it approximates the truth.

Our road to Coventry ran through a mining district. Every now and then we met groups of black-faced colliers. Robert Evans must often have driven his daughter along this way, for in her early teens she was at school in the City of the Three Spires, and later on, when her widowed father resigned to his son his duties as land agent, and Griff House with them, she removed there with him to make him a new home. The house is still to be seen in Foleshill road, on the approach from the north; but here the star of George



Feeding the Peacocks, Warwick Castle



The Avon from Warwick Castle

Photographs by Katharine Coman.



Kenilworth Castle, Warwickshire



Guild Chapel and Grammar School, Stratford-on-Avon
Photographs by Katharine Coman.



The Avon at Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire
Photograph by Katharine Coman.

Eliot pales before a greater glory, the all-eclipsing splendor, for at Coventry we are on the borders of the Shakespearean country.

Stratford-on-Avon lies only twenty miles to the south, and what were twenty miles to the creator of Ariel and Puck? Surely his young curiosity must have brought him early to this

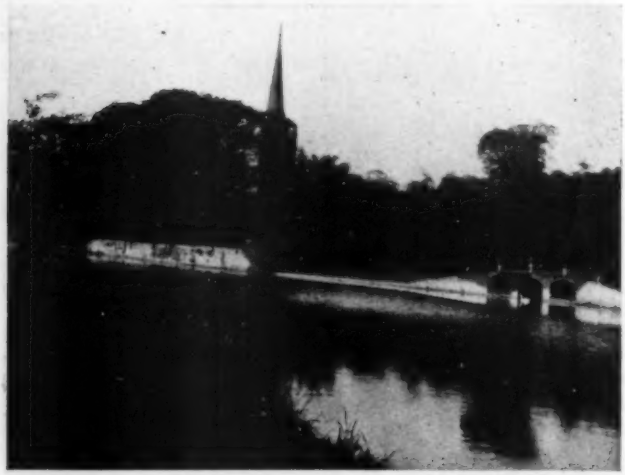
> "Quaint old town of toil and trouble,
> Quaint old town of art and song."

The noble symmetries of St. Michael's, its companion spires of Holy Trinity and Grey Friars, the narrow streets and over-jutting housetops, the timber-framed buildings, the frescoed walls and carven window-heads, all that we see today of the medieval fashion he must have seen in fresher beauty, and far more; yet even then the glory of Coventry had departed. From the eleventh century, when Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and his Countess of beloved memory, the



Guy's Cliff Hall as Seen Across the Avon
Photograph by Katharine Coman.

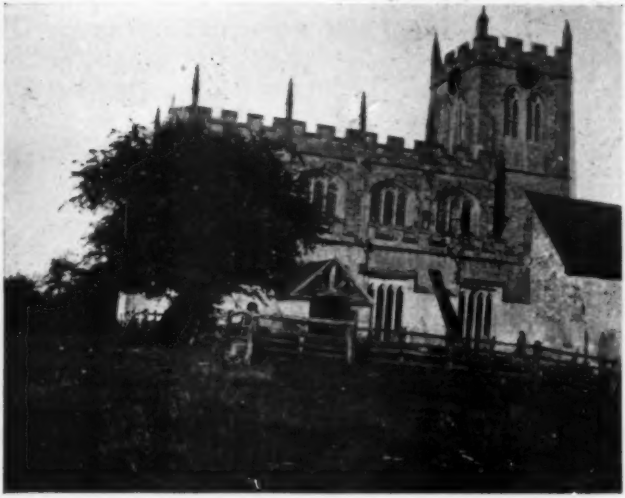
Lady Godiva, built their magnificent abbey, of which hardly a trace remains, the city had been noted for its religious edifices. Its triple-spired cathedral of St. Mary—existing today in but a few foundation fragments—its monasteries and nunneries and churches of the various orders formed an architectural group unmatched in England. Coventry was conspicuous, too, for civic virtues. As its merchants increased in riches, they lavished them freely on their queenly town. The Earl in his now crumbled castle and the Lord Abbot had hitherto divided the rule, but in 1345 came the first Mayor. It was while the Rosered Richard sat so gaily on his rocking throne that Coventry celebrated the completion of its massive walls, three miles in circuit, with twelve gates and thirty-two towers. In the middle of the fifteenth century it received a special charter, and Henry VI declared it "the best governed city in all his realm." It was then that the famous guilds of Coventry were at their height,



Church of the Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



Interior of Rugby Chapel



Wootton-Wawen Church
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



A View of Rugby from the Football Field



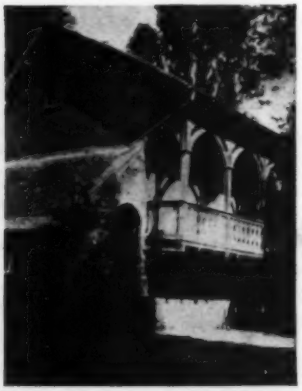
The Road to Stratford-on-Avon



Aston-Cantlow Church, Warwickshire



The Poet of Guy's Cliff



Old Mill, Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire

Photographs by Katharine Coman.

for its merchants had waxed wealthy in the wool-trade and its artisans were cunning at cloth-making.

As we stood in St. Mary's Hall, erected toward the end of the fourteenth century by the united fraternities known as the Holy Trinity Guild, we realized something of the devotional spirit and artistic joy of those old craftsmen. The oak roof of the Great Hall is exquisitely figured with a choir of angels playing on their divers instruments. In the kitchen—*such* a kitchen, with stone arches and fine old timber-work!—another angel peeps down to see that the service of spit and gridiron is decorously done. The building throughout abounds in carved panels, groined roofs, state chairs of elaborate design, heraldic insignia, portraits, grotesques, and displays a marvelous tapestry, peopled with a softly-fading company of saints and bishops, kings and queens.

Among the Coventry artists, that gladsome throng of architects, painters, weavers, goldsmiths and silversmiths who wrought so well for the adornment of their city, John Thornton is best remembered. It was he who made—so they say at Coventry—the east window of York minster, and here in St. Mary's Hall he placed superb stained glass of harmoniously-blended browns. We could fancy a Stratford boy with hazel eyes intent upon it, conning the faces of those English kings to whom he was to give new life and longer reigns. Henry VI holds the center, thus revealing the date of the window, and near him are Henry IV and Henry V, Lancastrian usurpers to whose side the partial dramatist has lured us all. It was to join their forces at Shrewsbury that he sent Falstaff marching through Coventry with his ragged regiment, whose every soldier looked like "Lazarus in the painted cloth." Richard II is conspicuous by his absence, but in writing his tragedy the young Shakespeare remembered that Coventry was the scene of the attempted trial at arms between Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk. The secret cause of the combat involved the honor of Richard, and he, not daring to trust the issue,

threw "his warder down," forbade the duel and sentenced both champions to

"tread the stranger paths of banishment."

But Shakespeare's Coventry, like Shakespeare's London, was largely a city of ruins. Broken towers and desolate courts told of the ruthless sweep of the Reformation. The cloth-trade, too, was falling off, and even that blue thread whose steadfast dye gave rise to the proverb "True as Coventry blue" was less in demand under Elizabeth than under Henry VIII. Yet though so much of its noble ecclesiastical architecture was defaced or overthrown, though its tide of fortune had turned, the city was lovely still, among its most charming buildings being various charitable institutions founded and endowed by wealthy citizens. That exquisite timber-and-plaster almshouse for aged women, Ford's Hospital, then almost new, may have gained in mellow tints with time, but its rich woodwork, one fretted story projecting over another like the frilled heads of antiquated dames, row above row, peering out to see what might be passing in the street beneath, must have delighted the vision then as it delights it still. I dare say Will Shakespeare, saucy lad that he was, doffed his cap and flashed a smile as reviving as a beam of sunshine at some wistful old body behind the diamond panes of her long and narrow window. For there she would have been sitting, as her successor is sitting yet, trying to be thankful for her four shillings a week, her fuel, her washing and her doctoring, but ever, in her snug corner, dusting and re-arranging the bits of things—cups and spoons, a cushion or two, Scripture texts—her scanty salvage from the wreck of home. That the pathos of the old faces enhances the picturesqueness of it all, those eyes so keen to read the book of human life would not have failed to note.

Coventry would have had for the seeking heart of a poet other attractions than those of architectural beauty. It was a storied city, with its treasured legend of Lady Godiva's

ride—a legend not then vulgarized by the Restoration addition of Peeping Tom—and with its claim to be the birthplace of England's patron saint, the redoubtable dragon-slayer. A fourteenth-century poet even asserts of St. George and his bride that they

> "many years of joy did see;
> They lived and died in Coventree."

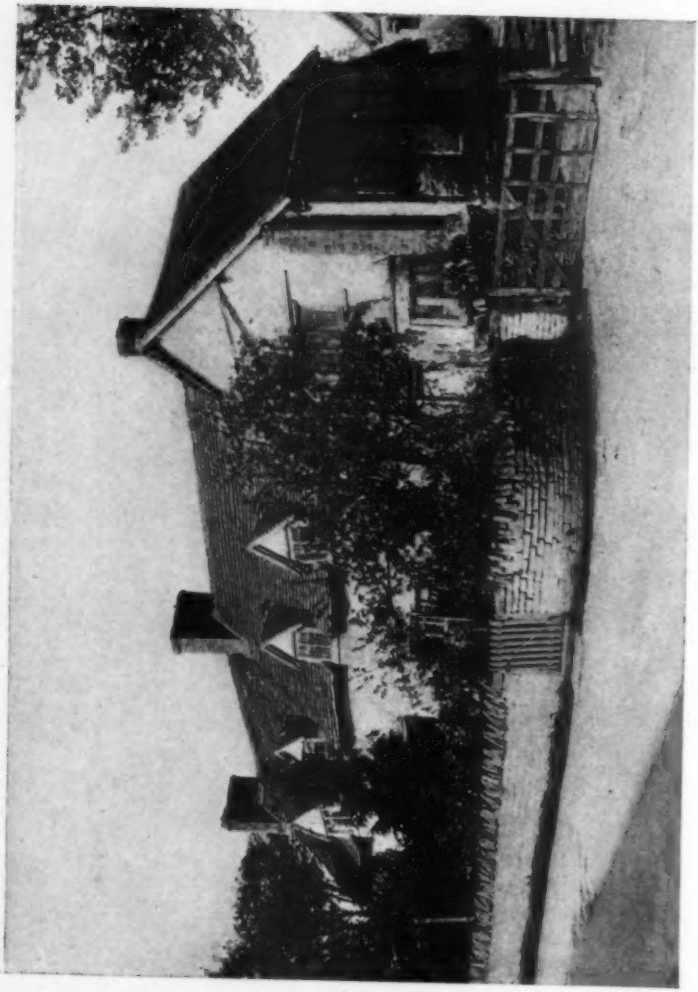
I had a dim memory of some old-time slaughter—perhaps of Danes—commemorated in its play of Hock Tuesday. Coventry was, indeed, a "very reveler" in plays and pageants, and if nothing else could have brought a long-limbed, wide-awake youth to try what his Rosalind and Celia and Orlando found so easy, a holiday escapade in the Forest of Arden, we may be all but sure the Corpus Christi Mysteries would have given the fiend the best of the argument with conscience. It is not likely, however, that it had to be a runaway adventure. That worshipful alderman, John Shakespeare, was himself of a restless disposition and passing fond of plays. He would have made little, in the years of his prosperity, of a summer-day canter to Coventry, with his small son of glowing countenance mounted on the same stout nag. Later on, when debts and lawsuits were weighing down his spirits, the father may have turned peevish and withheld both his company and his horse, but by that time young Will, grown tall and sturdy, could have trudged it, putting his enchanting tongue to use, when his legs, like Touchstone's, were weary, in winning a lift from some farmer's wain for a mile or so along the road. But by hook or by crook he would be there, laughing in his doublet-sleeve at the blunders of the "rude mechanicals"—of the tailors who were playing the Nativity and of the weavers on whose pageant platform was set forth the Presentation in the Temple. Robin Starveling the Tailor, and his donkeyship Nick Bottom the Weaver, were they not natives of Coventry? And when the truant—if truant he was—came footsore back to Stratford and acted over again in the Henley Street garden sweet with June, the "swagger-

ing" of the "hempen home-spuns," did not his gentle mother hide her smiles by stooping to tend her roses, while the father's lungs, despite himself, began to "crow like Chanticleer?"

Foolish city, to have kept no record of those visits of the yeoman's son, that dusty youngster with the dancing eyes! When royal personages came riding through your gates, you welcomed them with stately ceremonies and splendid gifts, with gay street pageants and gold cups full of coin. Your quills ran verse as lavishly as your pipes ran wine. You had ever a loyal welcome for poor Henry VI; and for his fiery queen, Margaret of Anjou, you must needs present, in 1456, Saint Margaret slaying the dragon. Four years later, though with secret rage, you were tendering an ovation to her arch enemy and conqueror, Edward IV. Here this merry monarch kept his Christmas in 1465 and nine years later came again to help you celebrate the feast of St. George. For Prince Edward, three years old, your Mayor and Council, all robed in blue and green, turned out in 1474, while players strutted before the child's wondering eyes, while the music of the harp and viol filled his ears, and the "Children of Issarell" flung flowers before his little feet. His murderer, Richard III, you received with no less elaborate festivities nine years later, when he came to see your Corpus Christi plays. But it was to you that his supplanter, Henry VII, repaired straight from the victory of Bosworth Field, and you, never Yorkist at heart, flew your banners with enthusiastic joy. His heir, Arthur, a winsome and delicate prince, you greeted with unconscious irony, four years before his death, by the blessings of the Queen of Fortune. You summoned the "Nine Orders of Angels," with a throng of "divers beautiful damsels," to welcome Henry VIII and the ill-omened Catherine of Arragon, in 1510. They were sumptuously entertained at your glorious Priory, for whose destruction that graceless guest, the King, was presently to seal command. But before its day of doom it sheltered one more royal visitor of yours, the Princess Mary,



The Entrance to Warwick Castle



Wilmcote, the Birthplace of Shakespeare's Mother

who came in 1525 to see the Mercers' Pageant. In 1565, the year after Shakespeare's birth, you fêted with all splendor Queen Elizabeth, the last of the Tudors, and in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, you spread the feast for King James, the first of the Stuarts. But you have forgotten your chief guest of all, the roguish youngster munching his bread and cheese in the front rank of the rabble, the heaven-crowned poet who was to be more truly king maker than the great Warwick himself.

Our first seeing of the name of Warwick in Warwickshire was over a green-grocer's shop in Coventry. The green-grocer was all very well, but the sewing-machine factories and, worse yet, the flourishing business in bicycles and motor-cars jarred on our sixteenth-century dream. I am ashamed to confess how speedily we accomplished our Coventry sight-seeing and how early, on the day following our arrival, we took the road again. We set out in our sedate victoria with high expectations, for we had been told over and over that the route from Coventry to Warwick was "the most beautiful drive in England." For most of the way we found it a long, straight, level avenue, bordered by large trees. There were few outlooks; clouds of dust hung in the air, and gasoline odors trailed along the way. We counted it, as a drive, almost the dullest of our forty odd, but it was good roading, and the opinion of the horse may have been more favorable.

Five miles brought us to Kenilworth, about whose stately ruins were wandering the usual summer groups of trippers and tourists. Its ivies were at their greenest and its hollies glistened with an emerald sheen, but when I had last seen the castle, in a far-away October, those hollies were yet more beautiful with gold-edged leaves and with ruby berries. Then, as now, the lofty red walls seemed to me to wear an aspect, if not of austerity, at least of courtly reserve, as if, whoever might pry and gossip, their secrets were still their own. In point of fact, the bewitchments of Sir Walter Scott have made it well-nigh impossible for any of us to

bear in mind that in the ancient fortress of Kenilworth King John was wont to lurk, spinning out his spider-webs, that Simon de Montfort once exercised gay lordship here, and here, in sterner times, held Henry III and Prince Edward prisoners; that these towers witnessed the humiliation of the woeful Edward II, and that in these proud halls the mirth-loving Queen Bess had been entertained by the Earl of Leicester on three several occasions prior to the famous visit of 1575. On her first coming our poet was a prattler of two—if only Mistress Shakespeare had kept a "Baby Record"—and I am willing to admit that the event may not have interested him. When her second royal progress excited Warwickshire, he was a four-year-old, teasing his mother for fairy stories and peeping into the acorn-cups for hidden elves, but hardly likely to have been chosen to play the part of Cupid while

> "the imperial votaress passed on,
> In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

As a boy of eight, however, a "gallant child, one that makes old hearts fresh," he may have stood by the roadside, or been perched on some friendly shoulder to add his shrill note to the loyal shout when the Queen rode by amid her retinue; and three years later, I warrant his quick wits found a way to see something of those glittering shows, those "princely pleasures of Kenilworth Castle," which lasted nineteen days and were the talk of the county. How eagerly his winged imagination would have responded to the Lady of the Lake, to Silvanus, Pomona and Ceres, to the "savage man" and the satyrs, to the "triton riding on a mermaid 18 foot long; as also Arion on a dolphin, with rare music!"* If we did not think so much about Amy Robsart at Kenilworth as, according to Scott, we should have done,

*From the account given by Sir William Dugdale, the celebrated antiquary, who was born at Shustoke, eight miles west of Nuneaton, in 1605, and educated at Coventry: "The Antiquities of Warwickshire" he published in 1656. He died in 1686, and his tomb, with his own inscription, may be seen in the chancel of Shustoke Church. (See the Library Shelf.)

it is because we were unfortunate enough to know that she perished fifteen years before these high festivities,—three years, indeed, before the Castle was granted to Robert Dudley.

Stoneleigh Abbey, with its tempting portraits, lay three miles to the left, and we would not swerve from our straight road, which, however, grew more exciting as we neared Warwick, for it took us past Blacklow Hill, to whose summit, six hundred years ago, the fierce barons of Edward II dragged his French favorite, Piers Gaveston, and struck off that jaunty head, which went bounding down the hill to be picked up at the bottom by a friar, who piously bore it in his hood to Oxford.

We halted again at Guy's Cliff, constrained by its ancient tradition of Guy, Earl of Warwick, he who

"did quell that wondrous cow"

of Dunsmore Heath. My own private respect for horned beasts kept me from flippantly undervaluing this exploit. After other doughty deeds, giants, monsters and Saracens falling like ninepins before him, Guy returned in the odor of sanctity from the Holy Land, but instead of going home to Warwick, where his fair countess was pining, he sought out this cliff rising from the Avon and, in a convenient cavity, established himself as a hermit. Every day he begged bread at the gate of his own castle, and his wife, not recognizing her dread lord in this meek anchorite, supplied his needs. Just before his end he sent her a ring, and she, thus discovering the identity of the beggar, sped to the cave, arriving just in time to see him die. Other hermits succeeded to his den, and in the reign of Henry VI, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, founded a chantry there. Henry VIII made short work of that, and the romantic rocks passed from one owner to another, the present mansion having been built above them in the eighteenth century. Guy's Cliff was termed by Leland "a place delightful to the muses," and we were pleased to find it still enjoyed

their favor. One of those supernaturally dignified old servitors who hang about to catch the pennies struck an attitude on the bridge and, informing us that he was a poet and had had verses in print, recited with touching earnestness the following effusion:

"'Ere you can sit and rest a while,
And watch the wild ducks dive in play,
Listen to the cooing dove
And the noisy jay,
Watch the moorhen as she builds her rushy nest
Swayin' hupon the himmortal Havon's 'eavin' breast."

Warwick, a wide-streeted, stately old town, with two of its medieval gates still standing, was familiar to us both. I had spent a week here, some years ago, and taken occasion, after inspecting the lions, to view the horses, for the autumn races chanced to be on. I remember sitting, surprised at myself, on the grand stand, in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke and betting. The bookmakers stood below, conspicuous in green velveteen coats; some had their names on the open money-bags hanging from their necks; all were shouting themselves hoarse. A red-nosed lady in dashing apparel sat on my right, enlightening my ignorance with a flood of jockey English, while on my left a plain-faced, anxious little body would turn from helping her husband decide his bets to urge upon me the superior morality of this to all other forms of English sport. The green below was filled with a bustling crowd of men, women and children, pressing about the booths, the Punch-and-Judys and the show-carts, adventuring upon the swings and merry-go-rounds, tossing balls at gay whirligigs and winning cocoanuts in the fascinating game of "Aunt Sally," or ransacking the "silken treasury,"

"Lawns as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow,"

of many a modern Autolycus. The throng was bright with fluttering pennons, red soldier-coats and the vivid finery of housemaids on a holiday. I saw five out of the seven races sweep by and waxed enthusiastic over "Porridge" and

"Odd Mixture," but "good old Maggie Cooper," on which my red-nosed neighbor lost heavily, while the husband of my moral little friend won, put me to such embarrassment between them that I bethought myself of my principles and slipped away.

Eschewing such profane reminiscences, I recalled the Church of St. Mary, with its haughty Beauchamp Chapel where ancient Earls of Warwick keep their marble state, together with the Earl of Leicester and his "noble impe." I recalled the delectable home for old soldiers, Leycester's Hospital, so inimitably described by Hawthorne. Across the years I still could see the antique quadrangle with its emblazoned scutcheons and ornately lettered texts; the vaulted hall with its great carven beams; the delightful kitchen with its crested fireplace of huge dimensions, its oaken settles and copper flagons, its Saxon chair that has rested weary mortality for a thousand years, and its silken fragment of Amy Robsart's needlework. Most clearly of all rose from memory the figures of the old pensioners, the "brethren" garbed in long blue gowns with silver badge on shoulder, stamped, as the whole building is stamped over and over, with the cognizance of The Bear and the Ragged Staff. I had done homage at Warwick to the memory of Landor, who was born there in a house dear to his childhood for its mulberries and cedars, its chestnut wood, and its fig tree at the window. Partly for his sake I had visited Rugby, on the eastern border of Warwickshire,—that great public school which became, under Dr. Arnold's mastership, such a power in English life. Rugby disapproved of my special interest, for it has had better boys than Landor, so wild-tempered a lad that his father was requested to remove him when, only fifteen, he was within five of being head of the school. But the neighboring village of Bilton entirely endorsed my motives when I went the rounds of Bilton Hall as an act of respectful sympathy for the eminent Mr. Addison, who wedded the Dowager Countess of Warwick and here resided with her for the three years

that his life endured under that magnificent yoke.

With so much sightseeing to our credit, we decided to limit our Warwick experiences on this occasion to luncheon and the castle, for although we both had "done" the splendid home of the Earls of Warwick more than once, even viewing it by moonlight and by dawnlight from the bridge across the Avon, it did not seem decorous to pass by without leaving cards—not our visiting cards, but those for which one pays two shillings apiece in the shop over against the gate.

Warwick Castle, built of the very centuries, cannot be expected to alter with Time's "brief hours and weeks"—at least, with so few of them as fall to one poor mortal's lot. From visit to visit I find it as unchanged as the multiplication table. By that same chill avenue cut through the solid rock and densely shaded we passed into the same grassy court lorded over by some arrogant peacocks—who have, however, developed an intemperate appetite for sweet chocolate—and girt about by the same proud walls and grey, embattled towers. A princely seat of splendid memories, one is half ashamed to join the inquisitive procession that trails after a supercilious guide through the series of state apartments—Great Hall, Red Drawing Room, Cedar Room, Gilt Drawing Room, Boudoir, Armory Passage, and so on to the end. We looked at the same relics,—old Guy's dubious porridge pot, Marie Antoinette's mosaic table, Queen Anne's red velvet bed, the mace of the King-maker, Cromwell's helmet; the same treasures of rare workmanship and fabulous cost,—a Venetian table inlaid with precious stones, shimmering tapestries, enameled cabinets and clocks, the same notable succession of portraits in which the varying art of Van Dyke, Holbein, Rembrandt, Rubens, Lely, Kneller has perpetuated some of the most significant faces of history. How strangely they turn their eyes on one another!—Anne Boleyn; her Bluebeard, Henry VIII, pictured here not only in his rank manhood, but as a sweet-lipped child; Loyola in priestly vestments of gold and crimson; the

Earl of Strafford with his doomful look; Charles I; Henrietta Maria; Rupert of the Rhine; the heroic Marquis of Montrose; the literary Duke of Newcastle; the romantic Gondomar, Spanish ambassador to Elizabeth; and with them—confuting my rash statement that the castle knows no change—Sargent's portrait of the present Countess of Warwick, a democrat of the democrats, enfolding her little son. There remained the walk through the gardens to the conservatory, whose Warwick Vase, said to have been found in Hadrian's Villa, is, for all its grandeur, less dear to memory than the level green branches of the great cedars of Lebanon. But when it came to peacocks and pussycats cut in yew, we deemed it time to resume our journey.

Leamington was close at hand, with its Royal Pump Rooms, swimming-baths and gardens, its villas and crescents and bath-chairs and parades, its roll of illustrious invalids who have drunk of its mineral waters; but we would not turn aside for Leamington. Dr. Parr's church at Hatton could not detain us, nor other churches and mansions of renown, nor the footsteps of the worthies of the Gunpowder Plot, nor Edge Hill where Charles I met the Parliamentarians in the first battle of the Civil War, nor the park of Redway Grange in which Fielding wrote—and laughed as he wrote—a portion of "Tom Jones," nor the Red Horse cut in turf, nor any other of the many attractions of a neighborhood so crowded with memorials of stirring life. Our thoughts were all of Shakespeare now; our goal was Stratford-on-Avon.

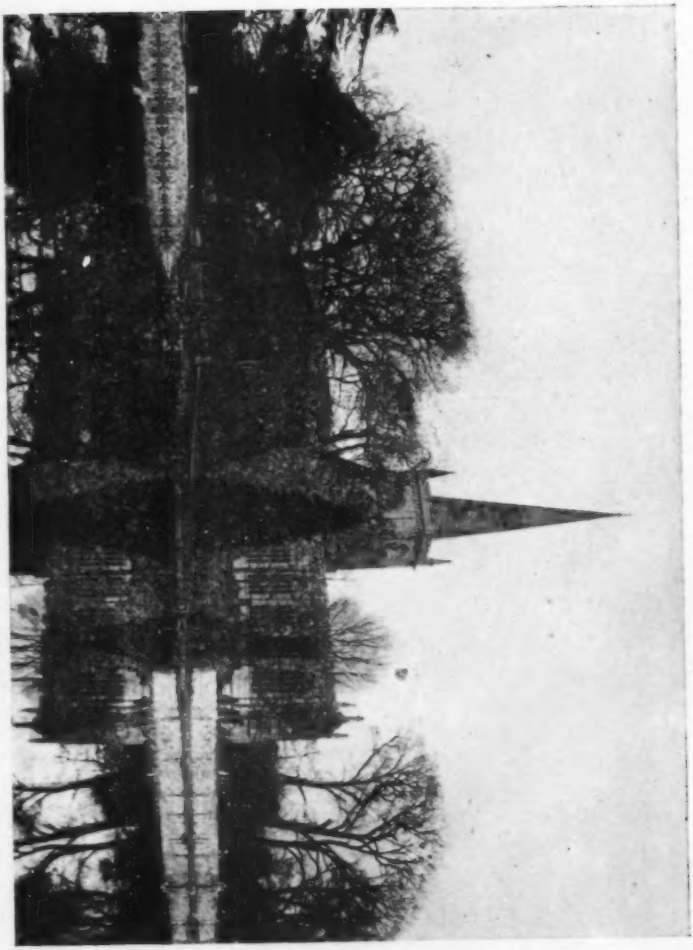
Should we drive by the right bank of the river, or the left? The choice lay between Snitterfield and Charlecote Park. In Snitterfield, a village four miles to the north of Stratford, the poet's paternal grandsire, Richard Shakespeare, wore out a quiet yeoman life, tilling the farm that he rented from Robert Arden of Wilmcote, father of the poet's mother. There must have been a strain of something better than audacity in the tenant's son to win him the hand of Mary Arden. Henry Shakespeare, the poet's uncle,

died at Snitterfield in 1596, when the quick scion of the slow blood was in the first fever of his London successes. But we chose the left-hand road and Charlecote Park. For a while the sunny Avon, silver-flecked with such swans as Shakespeare and Ben Jonson may have smiled upon together, bore us blithe company; then we passed under the shadow of oaks with "antique root" out-peeping, and of other

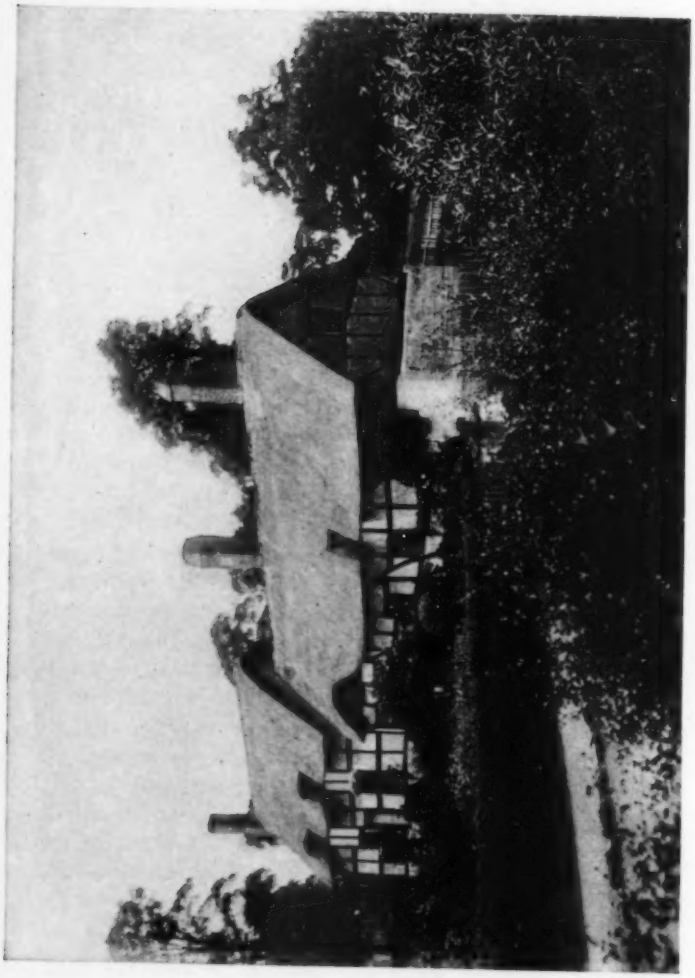
> "moss'd trees
> That have outliv'd the eagle."

Before the Forest of Arden was cut away for the use of the Droitwich salt-boilers and other Vandals, the land was so thickly wooded that tradition says a squirrel might have skipped from bough to bough across the county, without once touching the ground. Now it is rich glebe and tillage. We skirted the broad acres of Charlecote Park and viewed its "native burghers," the deer, but were loth to believe that Shakespeare, even in his heyday of youthful riot, would have "let the law go whistle" for the sake of "a hot venison-pastry to dinner." Yet it is like enough that there was no love lost between the Shakespeares and the Lucys, a family who have held the manor since the twelfth century and, in their Elizabethan representative, laid themselves open to the suspicion of pompous bearing and deficient sense of humor. The *luces*, or pikes, in their coat of arms, the pun-loving tongue of a "most acute juvenal" could hardly have resisted. "The dozen white louses do become an old coat well." Sir Thomas Lucy entertained Queen Elizabeth in 1572, and if the boys from Stratford Grammar School were not in evidence at the Park Gates on her arrival, it must have been because Holofernes was drilling them for a show of the Nine Worthies later on.

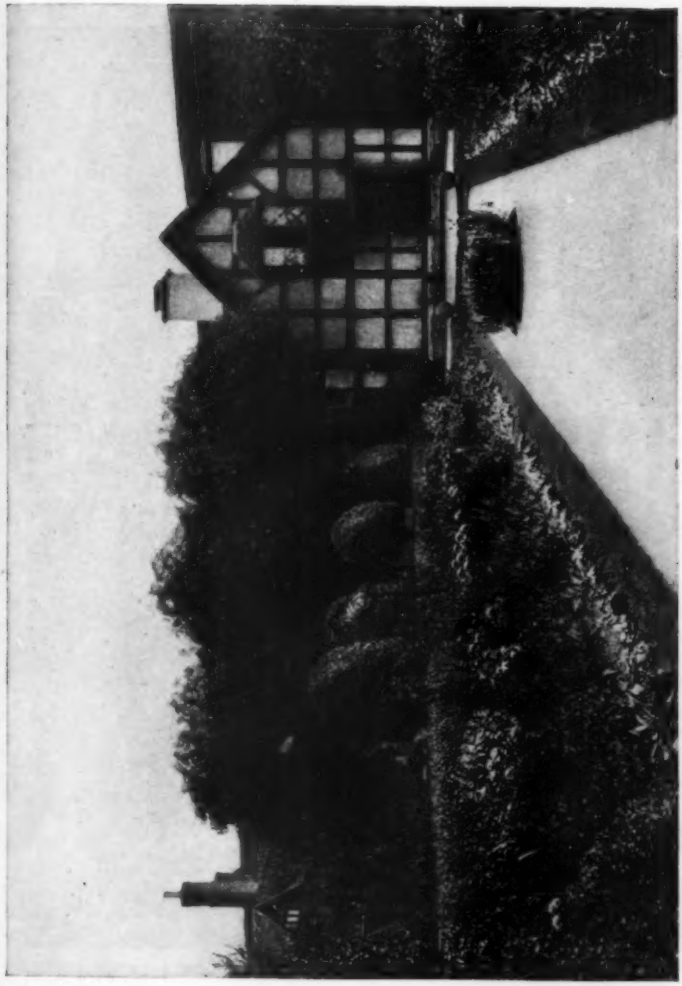
In the fields about the town the pea-pickers, an autumn feature of this neighborhood, were already at work. They held our eyes for a little and, when we looked forward again, there by the river rose the spire of Holy Trinity,



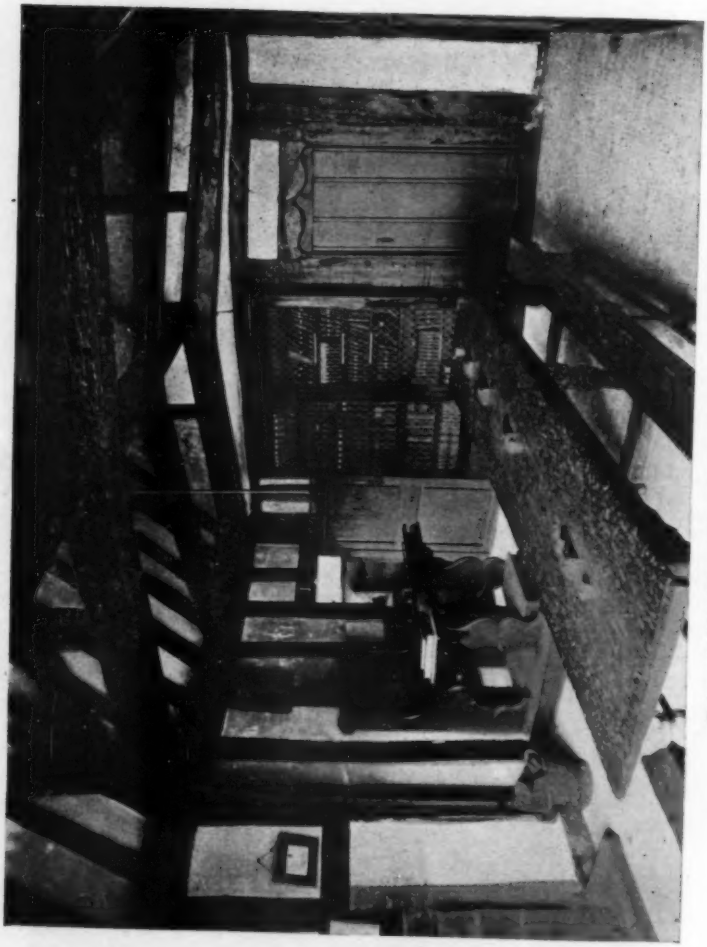
Church of the Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon



Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Shottery



Shakespeare's Birthplace as Seen from the Garden



Edward VI's Grammar School, Stratford-on-Avon

keeping its faithful watch and ward. We clattered over the old stone bridge of fourteen arches and were there, between the staring rows of tourist shops, all dealing in Shakespeare commercialized. His likeness, his name, his plays are pressed into every huckster's service. The windows fairly bristle with busts of Shakespeare of all sizes and half a dozen colors; with models of the Henly Street house, ranging in price, with varying magnitude and material, from pennies to pounds; with editions of his works, from miniature copies to colossal; with photographs, postal-cards, etchings, sketches; with rubbings of his tombstone inscription; with birthday books and wall texts, and with all sorts of articles, paper-cutters, match-boxes, pencil-trays. I dare say bootjacks, stamped with verse or phrase of his. This poet-barter is only a fraction of Shakespeare's endowment of his native town. Inn-keepers, porters, drivers, guides, custodians are maintained by him. Sir Thomas Lucy never dreamed of such a retinue. Hardly did Warwick the King-maker support so great a household. He is not only Stratford's pride, but its prosperity, and the welfare of the descendants of Shakespeare's neighbors is not a matter for the stranger to deplore. Nevertheless, we hunted up lodgings, drank bad tea at one of the Shakespeare Tea Rooms, and were out of those greedy streets as quickly as possible on a stroll across the old ridged fields to Shottery.

On the way we met a sophisticated donkey, who, waggling his ears, asked in Bottom's name for a gratuity of "good sweet hay;" and a bevy of children scampered up, as we neared Anne Hathaway's cottage, to thrust upon us their wilted sprigs of lavender and rosemary. They were merry little merchants, however, and giggled understandingly when we put them off with "No, thank you, William," "No thank you, Anne." We arrived a minute after six and the cottage was closed for the night, though a medley of indignant pilgrims pounded at the garden gate and took unavailing camera shots through the twilight. But we were content with our dusky glimpse of the timber-and-plaster, vine-

grown walls and low thatched roof. In former years we had trodden that box-covered path up to an open door and had duly inspected fire-place and settle, Bible and bacon-cupboard and the ancient bedstead. What we cared for most this time was the walk thither, coming by that worn foot-way toward the setting sun, as Shakespeare would have come on his eager lover's visits, and the return under a gossamer crescent which yet served to suggest the "blessed moon" that tipped

"with silver all these fruit-tree tops"

for a rash young Romeo who would better have been minding his book at home.

The next morning we spent happily in re-visiting the Stratford shrines. Even the catch-shilling shops bore witness, in their garish way, to the supremacy of that genius which brings the ends of the earth to this Midland market-town.

The supposed birthplace is now converted, after a chequered career, into a Shakespeare Museum, where are treasured more or less authentic relics and those first editions which are worth their weight in radium. Built of the tough Arden oak and of honest plaster, it was a respectable residence for the times, not unworthy of that versatile and vigorous citizen who traded in corn and timber and wool and cattle, rose from the offices of ale-taster and constable to be successively Chamberlain, Alderman and High Bailiff, and loomed before the eyes of his little son as the greatest man in the world. The house, whose clay floors it may have been the children's task to keep freshly strewn with rushes, would have been furnished with oaken chests and settles, stools, trestle-boards, truckle-beds and perhaps a great bedstead with carved posts. Robert Arden, a man of property and position, had left, among other domestic luxuries, eleven "painted cloths"—naïve representations of religious or classical subjects, with explanatory texts beneath. His daughter may have had some of these works of art to adorn the walls

of her Stratford home, and, like enough, she brought her husband a silver salt-cellar and a "fair garnish of pewter." Her eldest son, whose plays "teach courtesy to kings," was doubtless carefully bred,—sent off early to school "with shining morning face," and expected to wait on his parents at their eleven o'clock breakfast before taking his own, though we need feel no concern about his going hungry. Trust him for knowing, as he passed the trenchers and filled the flagons, how to get many a staying nibble behind his father's back.

We wandered on to the Grammar School, still located in the picturesque, half-timbered building originally erected, toward the end of the thirteenth century, by the Guild of the Holy Cross. Here once was hospital as well as school, and in the long hall on the ground floor, even yet faintly frescoed with the Crucifixion, the Guild held its meetings and kept its feasts. Henry VIII made but half a bite of all this, and the boy-king, Edward VI, eleven years before Shakespeare's birth gave the ancient edifice back to Stratford. Then the long hall was used for the deliberations of the Town Council, and sometimes, especially when John Shakespeare was in office, for the performances of strolling players,—three men and a boy, perhaps, traveling in their costumes, which, by a little shifting and furbishing, might serve for an old-fashioned morality or a new-fangled chronicle, or, should the school-master's choice prevail, for something newly Englished from the classics, "Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light." The school, thenceforth known as Edward VI Grammar School, was permanently established in the top story, where it is still in active operation. Here we saw the Latin room in which another William than Mistress Page's hopeful was taught "to hick and to hack," and the Mathematics room where he learned enough arithmetic to "buy spices for our sheep-shearing." He was only fourteen or fifteen, it is believed, when his father's business troubles broke off his schooling, but not his education. Everywhere was "matter for a hot brain." And

he, who, since the days when he "plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, * * * knew not what 'twas to be beaten," would have borne up blithely against this seeming set-back. Nature had given him "wit to flout at Fortune," and these, too, were the red-blooded years of youth, when he was ever ready to "dance after a tabor and pipe" and pay his laughing court to many a "queen of curds and cream."

"But, O, the thorns we stand upon!"

The mature charms of Anne Hathaway turned jest into earnest and sent prudence down the wind. There was a hasty wedding, nobody knows where, and John Shakespeare's burdens were presently increased by the advent of three grand-children. It was obviously high time for this ne'er-do-well young John-a-Dreams—"yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved"—to strike out into the world and seek his fortune.

Next to the Guild Hall stands the Guild Chapel, whose former frescoes of the Day of Judgment must have made deep impression on the "eye of childhood that fears a painted devil;" and over the way from the Guild Chapel is New Place. On this site in the time of Henry VII rose the Great House, built by a Stratford magnate and benefactor, Sir Hugh Clopton,—he who gave the town that "fair Bridge of Stone over Avon." In 1597 Shakespeare, who could hardly have been in London a dozen years, had prospered so well, albeit in the disreputable crafts of actor and playwright, that he bought the estate, repaired the mansion then in "great ruyne and decay," and re-named it New Place. Yet although it was his hour of triumph, his heart was sorrowful, for his only son, his eleven-year-old Hamnet, "jewel of children," had died the year before. At least another decade passed before Shakespeare finally withdrew from London and settled down at New Place with the wife eight years his senior, a plain country woman of Puritan

proclivities. In his twenty years of intense creative life,

"The inward service of the mind and soul"

must have widened beyond any possible comprehension of hers, nor can his two daughters, unlettered and out of his world as they were, have had much inkling of the career and achievements of "so rare a wonder'd father." His parents were dead. Their ashes may now mingle with little Hamnet's in some forgotten plot of the elm-shadowed church-yard. Of two daughters, Susanna, the elder, had married a Stratford physician, and there was a grandchild, little Elizabeth Hall, to brighten the gardens of New Place. As I lingered there,—for the gardens remain, though the house is gone—my eyes rested on a three-year-old lass in a fluttering white frock,—no wraith, though she might have been,—dancing among the flowers with such uncertain steps and tossing such tiny hands in air that the birds did not trouble themselves to take to their wings, but hopped on before her like playfellows.

The deepest of the Shakespeare mysteries is, to my mind, the silence of those closing years. Were nerves and brain temporarily exhausted from the strain of that long period of continuous production? Or had he come home from London sore at heart, "toss'd from wrong to injury," smarting from "the whips and scorns of time" and abjuring the "rough magic" of his art? Or was he, in "the sessions of sweet silent thought," dreaming on some high, consummate poem in comparison with which the poor stage-smirched plays seemed to him not worth the gathering up? Or might he, taking a leaf out of Ben Jonson's book, have been in fact arranging and re-writing his works, purging his gold from the dross of various collaborators? Or was some new, inmost revelation of life dawning upon him, holding him dumb with awe? We can only ask, not answer, but certainly they err who claim that the divinest genius of English letters had wrought merely for house and land, and

found his chief reward in writing "Gentleman" after his name.

> "Sure, he that made us with such large discourses
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and godlike reason
> To rust in us unus'd."

Shakespeare had been gentle before he was a gentleman, and had held ever—let his own words bear witness!—

> "Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
> Than nobleness and riches."

The gods had given him but fifty-two years on earth—had they granted more, he might have probed and uttered too many of their secrets—when for the last time he was "with holy bell * * * knell'd to church." It was an April day when the neighbors bore a hand-bier—as I saw a hand-bier borne a few years since across the fields from Shottery—the little way from New Place down Chapel Lane and along the Waterside,—or perhaps by Church Street—and up the avenue, beneath its blossoming limes, to Holy Trinity.

Here, where the thousands and the millions come up to do reverence to this

> "Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,"

I passed a peaceful hour, ruffled only—if the truth must out—by the unjustifiable wrath which ever rises in me on reading Mrs. Susanna Hall's epitaph. I can forgive the "tombe-maker" who wrought the bust, I can endure the stained glass windows, I can overlook the alabaster effigy of John Combe in Shakespeare's chancel, but I resent the Puritan self-righteousness of the lines,—

> "Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
> Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall,
> Something of Shakespeare was in that but this
> Wholly of him with whom she's now in blisse."

Yes, I know that Shakespeare made her his heiress, that she was clever and charitable, that in July of 1643 she entertained Queen Henrietta Maria at New Place, but I do

not care at all for the confusion of her bones when "a person named Watts" intruded into her grave fifty-eight years after she had taken possession, and I believe she used her father's manuscripts for wrapping up her saffron pies.

We spent the earlier half of the afternoon in a drive among some of the out-lying villages of Stratford,—first to Wilmcote, the birthplace of Shakespeare's mother. We dismissed a fleeting thought of "Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot," and sought only for "Mary Arden's Cottage." Gabled and dormer-windowed, of stout oak timbers and a light brown plaster, it stands pleasantly within its rustic greenery. Old stone barns and leaning sheds help to give it an aspect of homely kindliness. Robert Arden's will, dated 1556, is the will of a good Catholic, bequeathing his soul to God "and to our blessed Lady, Saint Mary, and to all the holy company of heaven." He directed that his body should be buried in the churchyard of St. John the Baptist in Aston-Cantlow. So we drove on, a little further to the north-west, and found an Early English church with a pinnacled west tower. The air was sweet with the roses and clematis that clambered up the walls. It is here, in all likelihood, that John Shakespeare and Mary Arden were married.

We still pressed on, splashing through a ford and traversing a serviving bit of the Forest of Arden, to one village more, Wootton-Wawen, with a wonderful old church whose every stone could tell a story. Somervile the poet, who loved Warwickshire so well, is buried in the chantry chapel, and the white-haired rector told us proudly that Shakespeare had often come to service there. Indeed, Wootton Wawen may have meant more to the great dramatist and done more to shape his destinies than we shall ever know, though Shakespeare scholarship is beginning to turn its searchlight on John Somervile of Edstone Hall, whose wife was nearly related to Mary Arden. Papist, as the whole Arden connection seems to have been, John Somervile's brain may have given way under the political and religious

troubles of those changeful Tudor times. At all events, he suddenly set out for London, declaring freely along the road that he was going to kill the Queen. Arrest, imprisonment, trial for high treason, conviction, and a mysterious death in his Newgate cell followed in terrible sequence. Nor did the tragedy stop with him, but his wife, sister and friend were arrested on charge of complicity, and not these only, but that quiet and honorable gentleman, Edward Arden of Park Hall in Wilmcote, with his wife and brother. Francis Arden and the ladies were in course of time released, but Edward Arden, who had previously incurred the enmity of Leicester by refusing to wear his livery—a flattery to which many of the Warwickshire gentlemen eagerly stooped—suffered on December 20, 1583, the barbarous penalty of the law,—hanged and drawn and quartered, put to death with torture, for no other crime than that of having an excitable son-in-law and a sturdy English sense of self-respect. A sad and bitter Yule it must have been for his kinsfolk in Wilmcote and in Stratford. There was danger in the air, too; a hot word might give Sir Thomas Lucy or some zealous Protestant his chance; and there may well have been graver reasons than a poaching frolic why young Will Shakespeare should have disappeared from the county.

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Arthur Penrhyn Stanley

By Charles D. Williams

Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Michigan.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY was born at Alderley Rectory, Cheshire, on June 15, 1819. Coming of ancient lineage on both sides and of "noble" ancestry on one, he was an aristocrat by birth. This inherited disposition was fostered and fixed by a life-long association with the intellectual and social aristocracy and particularly by his close intimacy with royalty. Stanley was no democrat. While personally genial to the humblest and lowliest, while intensely interested in and sympathetic with the wrongs and sufferings of individual cases among the poor, there is no record of his ever having taken part in any of the great social reforms of his day. It is probable that his birth and training made him practically oblivious to the social problems of his age.

A strand of Welch ancestry on his father's side seemed to have endowed him with certain characteristics of the Celtic temperament, a mobile, almost volatile mind, an intense and excitable disposition, an incredibly lively imagination, and an insatiable intellectual curiosity.

From his father he inherited directly a certain wideness of mind and broadness of view which made the after-

*This is the third in a series of studies of famous Englishmen, which will appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN during the months from December to May: Charles Darwin, by Prof. John M. Coulter (December); John Burns, by Mr. John Graham Brooks (January); Dean Stanley, by Bishop Williams of Michigan; Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, by Prof. Cecil F. Lavell; William E. Gladstone, by Mr. John Graham Brooks; Dr. Jowett, the famous Greek scholar, by Prof. Paul Shorey.

ward Bishop of Norwich a frequent object of suspicion and criticism to his narrower-visioned brethren. Beyond this the father seems to have had little to do with the formation of his gifted son's mind and character.

But, as in the case of most great men, the mother was preëminently the formative, if not creative, personal influence in his life. From her he inherited what has been aptly called "a porcelain intellect," delicate, translucent, sensitive, of the finest grain and texture. Under her tender care and solicitous culture, he grew up like a fair flower. Her perfect sympathy, intellectual as well as affectional, was the sunlight of his mental, moral, and spiritual growth. Until the day of her death, every purpose in its incipiency and every work in its completion were submitted to the tests of her subtle, keen but sympathetic judgment. The son's life, mind, and heart were ever wide open to the mother.

Born and living always in affluence, he never knew the struggle for existence. With just enough of a body to house mind and soul, absorbed in purely intellectual interests all his life long to the extent of forgetfulness of all else, living apart from the hurly-burly in an almost exclusively academic and literary existence, he practically never met the "temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil." His was the life of untried innocence rather than of moral conquest. The result was a singularly transparent purity of both mind and heart.

His environment from start to finish was a veritable hothouse of intellectual culture. Relatives, friends, associates, all belonged to the aristocracy of the mind. His mental appetency was insatiable; his reading omnivorous; his travels (all quests for knowledge, never for mere change, novelty, or scenery) covered the fields richest with the lore of the past. To these travels he gave his whole spare time and from them he always returned laden with literary spoil. His historical imagination was vivid and keen to a superlative degree; his power of labor inexhaustible. Consequently his

mind became a veritable store-house of information, especially in his favorite field, legend, tradition, and history.

We see him first a shy and delicate boy with a mind and soul that fairly shine through the fragile little body. At school he tried conscientiously to take part in athletics and manly sports, but soon gave up the effort as a bad job. And yet he was never scorned by his school-mates as a "Miss Nancy." His vigour of intellect and purity of soul won for him the respect which physical prowess won for other boys. Indeed they surrounded him with a kind of reverence and awe which kept him in a place apart. Even in rough Rugby, at the height of its "fagging" and hazing period, the days described in "Tom Brown at Rugby," Stanley was never subjected to its rude discipline. In after years he learns of it with absolute surprise. "Little Stanley," as he was affectionately called, was the pride of the school. The boys let him alone to win the prizes and maintain the scholarship of the school.

At Rugby he met another personal influence which ranks second to his mother's in the shaping of his mind and character, the great Dr. Arnold, then Head-Master. That intensely virile intellect quickened the boy's sensitive mind. But above all, Arnold's broadness of intellectual sympathy, his wideness of vision and comprehensiveness of grasp were caught as by contagion by the lad's susceptible and congenial disposition. Stanley was by nature a hero-worshipper; and Arnold remained to the end of his life his preëminent hero. His admiration amounts to adoration. And yet withal, love was not blind. In his private letters, and in his "Life of Arnold," he sees with singular clearness and criticises with unsparing yet affectionate severity his great man's great defects. He caught his master's spirit of breadth and comprehensiveness, but he permeated the bitterness which sometimes characterized Arnold's polemics with his own all pervading "sweetness and light."

At Oxford his undergraduate career was brilliant. He won the same respect and reverence from his fellow-students

which he had won from the boys at Rugby. His influence spread beyond the bounds of the university. While still an undergraduate, he was consulted by ministers of state as to an important appointment.

Upon graduation he was elected a fellow of one of the colleges, a position corresponding to that of tutor or sub-professor in an American university. For fifteen years he was not only the illuminating instructor and lecturer, but the inspiring friend and leader of his pupils. Now he is delicately suggesting, rather than offering, financial help to some poor fellow to enable him to pursue his studies or take a needed holiday. Now he is patiently laboring over some dullard; now enthusiastically guiding some congenially brilliant mind in some special course, perhaps in a spurt to win a prize. His rooms were frequently thrown open to his students; and although the boys knew that Stanley's suppers were sure to be scanty in quantity and poor in quality, because through his own utter indifference to food, he was the common prey of unprincipled caterers and servants, yet an invitation was a coveted prize. For it offered an intellectual feast of rarest richness, an evening of contact with a flaming yet gentle mind. Whatever topic was started, their host could lead them into "fresh fields and pastures new," into unsuspected by-paths and delightful nooks off the dusty and beaten paths of familiar knowledge.

In 1839 Stanley took orders in the English Church, after a long debate over the terms of subscription to the 39 articles and particularly the Athanasian Creed, a debate which inspired a life-long fight for simplicity and liberty in doctrinal requirements.

The Oxford of Stanley's days was the storm-center of the fiercest controversies which have shaken the English Church in modern times. It was the period of the great Oxford Movement, so called, *i. e.*, the High Church revival. Newman (the author of "Lead, Kindly Light," afterward a Roman Catholic cardinal) the subtle master mind of the movement, the "golden-mouthed" preacher, the intellectual

wizard who enthralled men's minds in spite of themselves, was at the height of his power; Keble, the poet and saint of the party, was professor of poetry; and Pusey, the scholar and authority of that school, was university preacher and professor. The very atmosphere was tense with theological strife; subtleties of doctrinal difference which today would not be discerned, then stirred up hurricanes and cyclones. Poor Hampton, appointed professor of Divinity and afterwards a Bishop, was furiously trampled in the mire because his English was so muddy and his brain so muddled that neither he nor any one else could make out what he meant in his lectures or his books. Temple, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England, became the target of virulent denunciation by the saints for the utterance of what would today be innocent platitudes. Pusey was silenced and Newman was attacked.

In these controversies Stanley acquired the temper and took the position which characterized his whole after life. Although a pronounced Broad Churchman himself and afterwards the recognized leader of his school of thought, he never sank into the mere partisan. He tried always and passionately to find the syntheses and sympathies that underlay all superficial differences and to show the combatants the great fundamental unities on which they all stood. Above all he stood resolutely for fairness, "the square deal." Now he is the champion of the misunderstood and muddled Hampton, now of the alleged latitudinarian and rationalist Temple, now of the Romanizing Pusey and Newman, and now of the evangelical and low-church Gorham.

In 1853 Stanley reluctantly left Oxford, which was always the home of his heart, to become a Canon of Canterbury. And while utterly unfitted for the business details of his new position, he found in the ancient Cathedral a rich field for that antiquarian and historical research which was ever his chief delight. Into his "Historical Memorials of Canterbury" he gathered the abundant lore of these years of labor.

Back to Oxford he came in 1858 as professor of Ecclesiastical History, a most congenial position. These were years of monumental labor. Studying, lecturing, devouring libraries, scouring Sinai, Palestine, Greece, Italy, France, Germany and Russia for the spoils of the past, he gathered his results into his great historical volumes, "Sinai and Palestine," "Lectures on the Jewish Church," and "Lectures on the Eastern Church." None of them are profound works; none give any deep insight into new principles or reveal any comprehensive philosophy of history. But in them all are vast and rich stores of material, gathered from every possible source and all played upon, illuminated, made brilliant and fascinating by one of the most extraordinary historical imaginations ever possessed by a human being. The old places start into reality before the eye; the old scenes live; the old stories reënact themselves with dramatic vividness; and the old characters walk the earth with human feet.

In 1863 Stanley received his coronation. He could not be a Bishop. He was not a "safe man." Tea-kettles are safe; steam engines are not always. But as Dean of Westminster he was in some respects higher than any Bishop. In the first place, he was independent of all Episcopal control, his own master for life. And in the second, he was made guardian of that shrine where the history of all England is embalmed, where state and church meet in indissoluble union, the center of national and ecclesiastical life, and the spot where he could enjoy to the full the society he loved best, the companionship of the great, living and dead. Here the remaining eighteen years of his life were spent in intense but ecstatic activity; preaching from the greatest pulpit in the world to every class,—court, parliament, learned societies, common people, working-men, children; offering the hospitality of that pulpit to whomsoever had a message which he thought ought to be heard, Churchmen of all schools, non-conformists, laymen; illustrating thus practically his favorite principle of comprehensiveness; boldly shutting out from his abbey the whole body of the Anglican

Episcopate in council assembled when he thought they intended to make wrong controversial use of it; inviting into it the despised heretic Colenso, because he thought he had not had a fair show or due appreciation; throwing open his deanery now to the Company for the Revision of the Bible, now to distinguished visitors of international significance, and now to working-men and little children; preaching and lecturing from one end of Britain, ay, of the world, to the other; flinging off from his prolific pen with astounding rapidity sermons, addresses, lectures, tracts, controversial and otherwise, letters to the newspapers on every subject, articles for periodicals, books. He plunged into every doctrinal and ecclesiastical controversy of the day and always on the side of the "under dog." He reveled in the historical treasures of his shrine and set them forth to the public in his charming volumes on the Abbey; and finally he opened its hospitality of sepulture to such of England's great as he thought worthy of that high honor. Truly this was Stanley's sphere. Through twelve of these years he had by his side as his stay and inspiration the third personal influence which made him what he was, his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley; a soul like unto his own, too like perhaps, as one of his closest friends remarked. But no union of souls was ever more perfect or ideal.

After her death in 1876 there were spurts of his old joy and energy. But he was a broken man and gradually withered until on July 18, 1881, he passed on into that perfect peace for which he fought so strenuously, even so fiercely sometimes, all his life long.

What manner of man was he and what was his chief significance?

Physically slight, fragile, a brilliant mind and flaming soul shining through a tenuous body; with certain senses, such as taste and smell, all but atrophied; forgetting to eat in his intellectual absorptions unless watched and reminded by his faithful friends; careless of personal appearance. The story is told of his appearing at a Duchess' dinner one night

with both ends of his collar flying loose; and when apprised of the fact in a whisper by his thoughtful hostess, he answered naïvely, "Yes, I know. I could not find my collar-button. You don't mind? Well, then, I don't." And his conversation flowed on with complete self-unconsciousness. He had little or no appreciation of art or music; caring for scenery scarcely at all for its beauty but intensely for any historic associations connected therewith.

The business affairs connected with his high positions were his despair. He was not sure of himself even in simple arithmetic. A friend once told him a humorous story about his servant. The man had won a lottery prize on a ticket numbered 27 and told his master with great seriousness how he came to choose the number. "Three nights running I heard a voice in my dreams saying, 3 times 7, 3 times 7."

Stanley's face was puzzled and blank for a minute and then he said with a gentle smile, "Oh, I see, I suppose 3 times 7 do not make 27."

"Two things I cannot do," he once remarked. "Take care of myself and understand arithmetic."

Mentally intense, brilliant, but diffuse; synethetical but not analytical; broad but not deep; with vast grasp on facts, particularly human and historical facts, he had but little insight into or concern about abstract principles.

As a preacher, eloquent on special occasions, especially when dealing with historical events or great careers which fired his imagination; but on commonplace occasions often commonplace; not prophetic; simple, pellucid, vigorous, in the enforcement of plain and practical lessons, but with little apparent insight into profound principles or deep experiences.

His religion was a religion of life, conduct, character, not of dogma. He was sometimes fierce in his denunciation of dogma. Once, at the end of one of these tirades, the subtle Disraeli dryly remarked, "Ah, Mr. Dean, remember no dogmas, no deans."

As to character, singularly pure in heart and mind, widely sympathetic, utterly humble and self-unconscious, entirely gentle and genial. It is significant that his last sermon, preached when already seized of death, was on the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The theme of his life is set forth in the Apostle's words, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."

But the chief significance of his life and work lies in his master passion for comprehensiveness, his chosen ministry of reconciliation and mission of peace.

He strove incessantly and unweariedly, undaunted by any opposition, criticism or failure to find the great fundamental harmonies that should bind together into practical unity and Christian love all good men, whatever "great gulfs" or superficial divergencies might yawn between them. And yet just because he did stand for peace, it was his fate to occupy the storm-center of every controversy of his day. That most inveterate of all hatreds, the "odium theologicum," concentrated itself upon his devoted head. He might well have made his own the words of the psalmist, "I have long dwelt among them that are enemies unto peace. I labor for peace; but when I speak to them thereof, they make ready for battle." But his name, his memory, his influence, his words and works, will live as a never-ceasing irenicon, a perpetual "pax vobiscum."

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. What is the general character of Warwickshire? 2. For what is Birmingham famous? 3. How are Nuneaton and Chilvers Coton associated with George Eliot? 4. What attractions has Coventry? 5. On what occasions did royalty visit Coventry? 6. What are some of the associations of Kenilworth Castle? 7. What is the legend of Guy's Cliff? 8. What gives Warwick Castle its importance? 9. What places of interest are in this neighborhood? 10. What are the chief objects of interest in Stratford? 11. What connection with Shakespeare has Wootton Wawen?

STANLEY

1. How did Dean Stanley's inheritance influence his attitude toward social problems? 2. What personal characteristics had he? 3. How was his mother's influence felt? 4. How was his intellectual growth stimulated? 5. How was he influenced by his life at Rugby? 6. What was his attitude toward Dr. Arnold? 7. How was his character shown in his life at Oxford? 8. Give some particulars of the Oxford Movement. 9. What was Stanley's attitude towards it? 10. What were the literary results of his five years as Canon of Canterbury? 11. What were his chief historical works and in what consists their value? 12. Why was the Deanship of Westminster peculiarly adapted to his temperament? 13. What characteristic use did he make of his opportunities? 14. What were his distinguishing mental traits? 15. What was the chief significance of his life?

SEARCH QUESTIONS

1. Who was the Rose-red Richard? 2. In what play do Starveling and Nick Bottom figure? 3. Who was the Warwick known as "king maker?" 4. For what was the Earl of Stratford famous? 5. Where was Shakespeare's Forest of Arden, and in what play? 6. In what plays does Shakespeare present Falstaff? 7. Who said, and on what occasion, "My kingdom for a horse?" 8. Who was Amy Robsart? 9. What is a chantry? 10. Who was Autolycus? 11. For what achievement is Rowland Hill remembered?

End of March Required Reading, pages 275-330



The Stage for Which Shakespeare Wrote

VI. Some Effects of Elizabethan Stage Conditions upon Shakespeare's Method.

By Carl H. Grabo

THE time consumed in the performance of the average Elizabethan play is an interesting matter for speculation. In the modern theater a play is usually from two and one-half to three hours in length inclusive of all waits between acts. A play of greater length runs considerable risk of disfavor and a discreet stage manager endeavors to suit his entertainment to the expectations of his patrons. In the Elizabethan theater, free from weary waits, a greater amount of dramatic material must have been presented than in a modern performance of equal length. The proof of this is self evident when we consider modern presentations of Shakespeare, which are invariably long even in the acting versions, and acting versions involve "cuts" from the plays as Shakespeare composed them.

In the prologue to "Romeo and Juliet" a line reads,

> "Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage."

This cannot be taken as conclusive evidence but it is certainly worthy of consideration. Two hours or thereabouts must have been deemed a satisfactory length for a dramatic performance. This fact in view of our modern productions of Shakespeare raises some interesting questions. We have seen that the Elizabethan stage had a great advantage over the modern stage in the elimination of waits between acts but this gain alone does not account for the difference in the time required. A modern manager would find it impossible to give "Romeo and Juliet" uncut in two hours of acting time. Some difference in methods of presentation must have arisen since Shakespeare's day to account for the incongruity.



Edward Alleyn, the most famous Actor of Shakespeare's Time

This is to be found, I think, in the modern use of stage business. A modern actor places his whole emphasis upon the action and studies carefully the minutiae of "business" which will convey to an audience his conception of the character. From various evidences we must incline to the view that in Shakespeare's day the emphasis was upon the spoken word, that the actor gave his lines with greater rapid-

ity than does the modern performer. The words, in short, have not now the chief place in a play; the situation, the details of action, the "stage business" are more important. An actor interpreting Shakespeare today, therefore, takes more time to his lines than the old-time performer, who doubtless spoke his lines effectively but rapidly, depending in his interpretation upon vocal inflection, gestures, and appropriate facial variation.

There is much evidence to support such a belief in the oratorical character of the Elizabethan stage. The long poetical passages, descriptive of scenery or mental conflict, the soliloquies which give so much pleasure to the reader of Shakespeare's plays are, we must feel, a little out of place upon the acting stage. The modern dramatic reader makes more effective use of such passages than does the actor.

We must not jump to the conclusion that Shakespeare was guilty of a dramatic weakness in the creation of undramatic passages. A safer explanation is that they suited the stage conditions of his time. The value of long descriptive passages is particularly evident in a drama which, as we have seen, was innocent of scenery. Such properties as were used were required by the action, and did little to create a picturesque illusion. It remained for the poetry of the spoken lines to supply the deficiencies of the stage setting and so in Shakespeare we find the beautiful and elaborate passages by means of which he casts a glamour over the crude realities of the Elizabethan theater. Instances will occur to any reader of Shakespeare, such, for example, as the balcony scenes in "Romeo and Juliet" with their many memorable lines:

> "Jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops," etc.

That Shakespeare felt the limitations of the theater is directly evidenced by several passages in the choruses of Henry V. An instance occurs in the chorus preceding the first act:

> " . . . . . But pardon gentles all,
> The flat unraised spirit that hath dared

On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object; can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think when we talk of horses that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour glass; . . . . . "

Here we find a direct appeal to the spectators to exert their imaginations and overlook the crudities inevitable to the stage presentation of a pageant.

The Chorus prologue to Act II contains a like appeal:

" . . . . . and well digest
The abuse of distance while we force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And then to France must we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; . . . . . "

Again:

"Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning:
Play with your fancies and with them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold



David Garrick (1717-1779), as Macbeth. From an Old Engraving.

A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur . . . . . .
. . . . . Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind."

Again:

"And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where,—O for pity,—we shall much disgrace,
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be."

In these passages we find a plain apology for the deficiencies of stage-setting and as well for the stage conventions of time and place. In his more artistic work

Shakespeare avoids such appeal to his audience, but he none the less endeavors to overcome the limitations which he felt keenly, by passages of great descriptive power and beauty skilfully introduced.

The humorous attempt of Bottom, Quince and their companions to rehearse a play has been taken by some critics as an expression of Shakespeare's satirical contempt for realistic stage setting.

> *Quince*:—"One must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure or present, the person of moonshine. Then there's another thing; we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyhamus and Thisby, says the story did talk through the chink of a wall."
>
> *Snug*:—"You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?"
>
> *Bottom*:—"Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through the cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper."

It is not a far fetched conclusion that such a passage is a satire upon stage methods which aimed at a bold realism. But we must also remember that the passage was primarily designed to entertain a popular audience. Would not the humor of it be more evident if it were taken at its face value as a travesty upon good stage management? Would not the audience appreciate the joke better if, as may have been the case, it was accustomed to a satisfactory realism in the use of stage properties? The question is an open one and the passage may be quoted as a defense of either of two contradictory positions.

Constant reference has been made in these articles to the traditional use of the stage to represent at one time and within small space two widely distant points. This custom we have seen originated in the Mystery Plays. Effective use of this traditional convention is made by Shakespeare in at least one instance, Scene 3, Act V of "Richard III." In this scene the ghosts of Richard's victims appear before Richard and Richmond, prophesying ill to the one and good fortune to the other. The tents of the two generals are pitched both upon the stage and the apparitions appear first



Thomas Betterton (1635-1710), Famous Shakespearean Actor



John P. Kemble (1757-1823) as Hamlet

before one and then the other. The contrast is certainly effective.

That Shakespeare used his stage to present in rapid sequence scenes in widely remote places is evident from our study of Macbeth. A similar freedom in the use of place is apparent throughout all his work, notably in "Julius Cæsar," and "Antony and Cleopatra." We, with our modern respect for the unity of place, find this freedom something of a tax upon our artistic sense when a play is represented upon a stage. In reading a play we are not so troubled, however, and doubtless on the rapidly moving Shakespearean stage there was also little difficulty arising from this cause. Mr. John Corbin's insistence upon the stage as a stage rather than as a representation of place cannot too constantly be borne in mind.

Shakespeare's adoption of the dramatic custom of his time in the use of comic scenes to diversify serious or tragic action has been mentioned several times. A study of Shakespeare's contemporary dramatists reveals the same use of comedy, but nowhere does Shakespeare shine more than by contrast in this respect to his fellow craftsmen. Marlowe's great play, "Dr. Faustus," is a seemingly impossible combination of profound tragedy and broad farce. The result is extremely inartistic. In Shakespeare the comic parts are used to good effect and are usually a legitimate part of the drama. Particularly is this the case with the Court Fools, such as Touchstone, and the Fool in "Lear." Comedy is here used to heighten the effect of serious and tragic action and from the lips of the irresponsible Fools fall many wise and pertinent sayings. In the comedies the farce element such as the Dogberry and Verges scenes in "Much Ado" is often the most effective part of the play. Such development of traditional dramatic technique shows Shakespeare at his best.

Minor modifications in the structure of Shakespeare's plays due to the requirements of his stage are revealed upon a detailed study. Perhaps a few instances will serve to in-

dicate the nature of such problems which the practical playwright of all times is obliged to consider.

"Hamlet" concludes not with the death of the hero but with the entrance of Fortinbras who bids the bodies of the slain be carried from the stage. The conclusion is a noble one, more in keeping we like to think, with a high conception of life than would be a drop curtain falling dramatically upon the scene. Shakespeare's tragedies do not close with death. The thread of life is picked up by the survivors and we see the story, so to speak, concluded in a human perspective. This noticeable characteristic of all the plays is conspicuous in "Hamlet." Yet the necessity back of the dramatic expedient is no more than the clearing of a stage which lacked a drop curtain. The instance is a striking one, for it illustrates the artistic use that can be made of a mechanical limitation.

A second instance illustrating another modification of structure due to stage conditions may be cited from Scene 1, Act III of "Antony and Cleopatra." This scene follows immediately upon the elaborate galley scene which concludes Act II and precedes a scene in Cæsar's house at Rome. It is of no importance in itself and the theory has been advanced that it is merely a stop-gap which permits any necessary alteration of stage properties to be made on the back stage. A better explanation is that it serves to break the suddenness of the transition from Misenum to Rome. A sharp change of place is not in itself incompatible with Shakespeare's method but a change of scene which involves the presentation of the same characters in widely remote places has to be artistically managed. At Misenum and at Rome some of the same characters appear. Their exit from Misenum followed immediately by their entrance at Rome would certainly be rather confusing. The discordant note is softened by the scene of Ventidius. It is possible, too, that a little time was required for the actors to change costumes. Whatever reason is assigned the conclusion is the same that Shakespeare felt obliged to pad his play either to get an



Edmund Kean (1787-1833), the Celebrated Shakespearean Actor, as Shylock.

artistic effect or to avoid a mechanical complication. The instance is a good one in that it shows the limitations of the Elizabethan stage and the effort which Shakespeare made to overcome them. Similar examples can be found in other of his plays.



Mrs. Siddons (1755-1831), Shakesperean Actress, Whose Most Famous Rôle Was Lady Macbeth.

What effect the use of boy actors for women's parts may have had upon Shakespeare's treatment of female characters, seems a matter of dubious speculative value. It is not probable that the custom affected his conception of character at all. But it in all probability influenced him in his construction of plot, for the use of boys' costumes for feminine disguise was undoubtedly stimulated by the custom of

boy actors. The Elizabethan drama contains many instances of such feminine masquerading, and the familiar instances of Rosalind, Viola, and Imogen come to mind at once. Doubtless the boy actors found skirts an impediment and rejoiced in their own male attire. Doubtless, too, they made very good looking boys when but indifferent maidens. A successful dramatist no doubt bore these points in mind while writing his plays.

To conclude this brief consideration of the influence of stage conditions upon Shakespeare's construction of plays we may summarize the results of our discussion:

The Elizabethan stage, itself the descendant of the medieval stage, retained certain characteristics of the cruder drama. The use of men and boys as actors of women's parts, the peculiar convention of stage distance, and the intermingling of serious and comic elements in plays are the most important traditions exerting an influence on the Elizabethan drama. The peculiarities of the Elizabethan playhouse had also their influence on dramatic structure. In this connection the lack of a drop curtain, and the scantiness of equipment, particularly the lack of scenery, are the most important points to bear in mind.

Shakespeare was influenced by these various traditional and contemporary stage conditions. A study of his plays will reveal the effects, good and bad, which they had upon his dramatic technique. Our conclusion must be, therefore, that Shakespeare was not merely a great poet but also a practical playwright who strove to make his art fit the stage conditions of his day. This he did excellently, for the most part. If we would understand his success we must bear in mind, constantly, the effect at which he aimed, and the difficulties which he was obliged to overcome.

Work of the London County Council

By Milo R. Maltbie

THE government of London is a queer intermingling of ancient and modern, of aristrocratic and democratic institutions, of conservatism and radicalism. The City Corporation, which governs approximately a square mile of area in the heart of the metropolis, has a history of centuries, freighted with traditions and outgrown customs. Great upheavals in the political life of the nation have eddied about it, making almost no impression. Radical movements have gained a foothold elsewhere, but the "City" still remains as a monument to a past age and past theories of governmental organization.

The newest additions to the long list of local authorities are the twenty-eight borough councils which first saw the light of day in 1900. They succeeded to the powers of many scores of petty bodies which had cumbered the ground for generations. These borough councils naturally have no traditions; they breathe the air of the locality in which they live, and certain of them are as radical and as "socialistic" as any public bodies in England. Besides these borough councils, there are over 260 authorities with varying functions, organization and utility. American legislators would sweep them all into the rubbish heap and substitute new and simpler machinery, but the conservative, slow-going Britisher hates novelty and distrusts new methods.

It was with great reluctance that Parliament in 1888 began to reform London administration and created the first representative body with a large area and large powers—the London County Council. But even this step was taken halt-

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*This is the third in a series of special articles upon English social topics of current interest. Articles which have already appeared are: "The Ancoats Brotherhood," of Manchester, by Katharine Coman (December); "The Unemployed Camp at Levenshulme, Manchester," by Katharine Coman (January). Other articles which have been engaged are "Child Labor in England," by Owen R. Lovejoy; "The Garden City Movement," by John H. Whitehouse, Secretary of Toynbee Hall, London, and another article by the same author, the title of which will be announced later.

ingly because of the dislike for radical changes. The new body was to have jurisdiction only over the County of London and not over the whole Metropolis, although all the densely populated areas are within its bounds. Greater London has a population of about 7,000,000, the area presided over by the County Council about 4,700,000.

Inasmuch as the County Council is but one of some three hundred authorities that govern the metropolis, or one of ten public bodies which look after the welfare of each individual citizen, its functions in certain directions are curtailed. The police, for example, are under the control of the national government. The care of the poor and the sick belongs to special authorities. The recently municipalized water system is in the hands of the Metropolitan Water Board; likewise the conservancy of the Thames River. The borough councils have to do with public baths and washhouses, free libraries, municipal tenements, electric lighting, street paving and cleaning, food inspection, sanitary administration and the enactment of by-laws to protect the health and safety of the public. With these important eliminations, it is evident that the range of acivity of the County Council is somewhat prescribed; but there still remain elementary education, sewage disposal, parks and playgrounds, fire protection, street improvements, tramways, and several matters such as housing, public health, and highways, concerning which the county as well as the boroughs has certain duties.

The Council consists of 118 members elected by the voters and 19 aldermen elected by the councillors. When the first election was held in 1889, the question of the proper scope of governmental activity at once became the principal point at issue. Two municipal parties were formed, a thing which has not been done anywhere else in England. The Progressives came out for increased municipal functions, a collectivist policy. The Moderates pinned their faith to "that government is best that governs least" and said that all matters except the well-known and long-exercised governmental duties should be left to private initiative.

At the first trial of strength, the Progressives won by a considerable margin, electing a majority of 28 out of 118. In the five elections that have since been held—the entire council is elected every three years—the Progressives have secured a majority every time but one; in 1895, the two parties split even, and for three years the balance swung first one way and then the other. But surveying the whole period from 1889 to 1906, the increase in municipal activity stands out clearly, for even the Moderates have felt the effect of continued defeats and have supported measures which would be dubbed "socialistic" by the ultra-conservatives. For example, the steamboat service upon the Thames which had been run by private companies from the beginning, was taken over by the Council about two years ago at the request not only of the Progressives but of the Moderates. The service had been abominable and although it was hardly expected that the boats could be made to pay, they were sure the service would be greatly improved under municipal management. Financially the steamboats have been a failure, but many of the Moderates have been as firm in defending the change as the Progressives.

Probably the subject which aroused most discussion was the taking over of the street railways. Under a general act passed in 1870, local authorities have the right to purchase lines twenty-one years after the granting of the franchise. The grants began to fall in 1891, and the Council, with the Progressives in the saddle, decided to buy up the lines and operate them. There was a dispute over the price to be paid, and the case passed through several courts, finally reaching the House of Lords, which decided in the main in favor of the Council. As other franchises have terminated, the policy has been continued, although not all of the lines have been operated at once because the rights were acquired piecemeal and disconnected sections could not be worked by the Council to advantage. Upon April 1, 1906, the Council began operation of practically all of the lines north of the Thames within the County of London. With the southern

system which had been municipalized earlier, the Council now owns and operates all of the surface lines within the County, except a few small sections still in the hands of private companies. Before acquisition, the horse car dragged its weary length throughout the Metropolis, but as soon as the Council took hold, electrification began and as rapidly as new lines have been turned over, the change has been extended. The overhead trolley was repudiated, and the more attractive and safe, but expensive, conduit system has been installed. There is also a short line of subway under the new Aldwych street, which is to be extended under the Strand, down the Embankment and over one of the bridges possibly.

All of this work has been carried out in spite of much opposition in Parliament. The Progessive party is largely composed of Liberals. The national government has been controlled by the Conservatives from 1889 to the present, who have opposed the increasing activity of the County Council. Consequently, it has been difficult to get the necessary authority to construct an adequate system of street railway transportation. For example, Parliament has steadily refused until recently—the Liberals are now in power—to give the Council the right to run cars over any of the bridges, or even to connect their lines with omnibuses. Consequently, the tramway passenger who wanted to go from his home south of the Thames to his office in the center of the city had to change at the bridges, get into a private omnibus and pay another fare.

Yet in spite of all these difficulties the department has reduced fares—over one-third of the passengers ride for one cent—improved the service by running more cars, well lighted and cleaned, has raised wages, reduced hours of labor and paid considerable sums to reduce taxation. When one remembers that these satisfactory results have been attained during the reconstruction of the lines and that traffic drops to a negligible quantity while the work is under way although fixed charges go on as before, the credit to be given to Mr. A. L. C. Fell, the general manager of the system, and to

the wisdom of the Council in adopting municipal operation becomes very evident.

No one who has visited the poorer districts of London will deny the imperative demand for better housing facilities. Neither will anyone deny that conditions have greatly improved within the past ten years. The County Council has contributed largely towards this result through the condemnation and removal of insanitary dwellings, the erection of new buildings, contributions to other local authorities to aid them in their work, and inducements to laborers to move out to the suburbs. The Council has completed or has in process of construction housing accommodations for over 85,000 people, covering areas of nearly 400 square miles and to cost nearly $21,000,000. The largest scheme embraces 225 acres outside of the county in a suburban district, where accommodations will be provided for 42,500 persons at a cost of upwards of $10,000,000. The cottages will be two stories in height, containing from three to five rooms each, with a garden, sanitary conveniences, etc., at rents ranging from $1.50 to $3.50 per week probably. This district alone will have a population equal to that of a good sized city.

A large proportion of the work of the London County Council is devoted to the development of good citizens. Not only has the park area been nearly doubled in the last ten years, but the number of amusements and attractions has been very greatly increased. Forty-one special gymnasia for children have been provided in addition to generous facilities for cricket, golf, football, bowling, tennis and other games. During the past summer band concerts were given in upwards of a hundred places, and many were in the central part of the city during the noon hour so that the workers employed in the office buildings could enjoy the music at luncheon time. One of the most popular moves of the Council has been the reduction of prices in the park restaurants so that everyone could make use of them—a suggestion which might well be copied in the United States.

The most important function recently handed over to the Council is education, transferred in 1904, which hitherto had been administered by a special board. America has little to learn from England in popular education. The schools have so long been under the guidance of the Church, and sectarian questions have so long hindered proper development, that America has taken long strides while England has marked time. However, the schools are quite as good as those of the provincial towns and do contain some very excellent features. There are schools—"centres"—for cooking, laundering, housekeeping and manual training. Special schools have been provided for the mentally and physically defective and polytechnics for advanced students. Penny banks are maintained to encourage thrift, and loan libraries to stimulate reading. Meals are given to underfed children, and in a few instances vehicles convey crippled children to and from school. The newer buildings are equipped with gymnasiums, and public baths are being urged as a necessary part of the equipment. There is systematic medical inspection of school children to determine who are mentally and physically defective and to prevent the spread of contagious diseases. Out of school hours, the buildings are rented to various cultural associations at modest charges, the aim being to make the school a powerful factor in the development of good citizenship in every direction.

The attitude of the Council towards its employees is that of a model employer. They are paid the standard rate of wages and required to work only the standard number of hours. That the same treatment shall be given to employees of private contractors, "fair wages clauses," clauses requiring the contractor to pay trade union rates and to work under trade union conditions, are inserted in all contracts. The attempt throughout is to avoid on the one hand "sweating" and inadequate wages, and on the other the creation of a privileged class of employees by over-payment and under-work.

In order that the working man might be fairly treated

and that the taxpayer might get the worth of his money in public work, the Council established in 1892 the "works department." By this means the Council became its own contractor, employing workingmen, buying supplies and directing the work through its own staff of engineers. The procedure is as follows: When the engineers' estimate of the work to be done by any committee of the Council is referred to the Works Department, it reports whether it can do the work for the estimated amount or not. If it says it can, the job is assigned to the Department. If it says it cannot, the work is given to private contractors. From this point on the Department is treated as a contractor and its work supervised as if it were a contractor in reality. During the first years of its history, many difficulties were encountered and the question is still an open one whether the practice paid; but in view of the unsatisfactory work done by certain contractors, the difficulty of obtaining honest work where inspection was difficult, e. g., sewers and underground construction, the high prices that were charged, and the collusion said to exist among a ring of contractors, it is now generally believed to have justified its existence. Whether it saves any large sum for the Council may be a question, but it tends to keep the contractors within bounds by the competition it affords. During the year 1904-5, the average number of employees was 3,382 and the total cost of the work performed nearly $1,200,000.

Measured according to the standard of municipal expenditures in American cities, London gets off very easily. New York with about three-fourths the population spends much more than London. The budget of the County Council taken alone is about one-quarter of the total, approximately $27,000,000. Its indebtedness in the Spring of 1905 was about $375,000,000, but a good proportion of this was incurred to raise money to loan to other public bodies, for which the Council acts as banker. The Council also owns several revenue producing undertakings, such as tramways and tenements, so that still another portion does not impose

a burden upon the taxpayers. One of the most interesting cases of successful financial management is the new avenue cut through from the Strand to High Holborn. The principle adopted was to acquire every piece of property of which a portion was taken for the avenue, to then rearrange the odds and ends left and to rent good sized plots for 50 to 99 years. As a result, the interest on the money loaned to put through the scheme will be paid by rents from the remaining property if all the property is rented upon the terms fixed, as now seems to be likely.

One ought not to close this brief review of the functions of the County Council without reference to the men who direct the machinery. Nearly all are elected by the people and serve without salary; I almost said without pay, which would not be strictly true, for while there is no financial remuneration there are rewards which attract the most able men. Public service is regarded almost everywhere in England with the greatest reverence. Honor, dignity, and social prominence attach to public office, and the belief is general that the successful man owes the community a debt which can be discharged only through gratuitous service for the public welfare.

The members of the Council come from every class of society. There is the labor leader, the capitalist, the titled peer, the university professor, the barrister, the doctor and "the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker." The successful business man who has retired from active work in the business world, is probably the most numerous. All give generously of their time and labor, for the work of the County Council is heavy and exacting. Indeed, there are instances where men have been elected from active life and have relinquished their business obligations in order to serve the public. Where there is such civic patriotism it is not surprising that government is wisely and efficiently conducted.

The Lincoln Mark*

By James Edmund Holden

I USED to meet a man in the Cotton Exchange, in Manchester, England, on Tuesdays and Fridays, the market days, who had a wide, red scar on his left cheek, across the cheek bone and extending partly over the bridge of his nose. Usually it was red, but when he got at all excited the scar would take on a purple tint. We got used to it, and seldom noticed it after the first few times we met, but strangers would ask us now and then about the man. Every young fellow of us had, in his school days, been instructed by parents and teachers to avoid the gentleman, ostracize him, hold him in abhorrence, as an enemy of the common good. It all grew out of a quarrel long years ago. He was rich and somewhat of an aristocrat, a large employer of labor. Any inquiry only called forth the answer, "Oh, that scar on his face? That is the Lincoln mark." And thereby hangs a tale, as the saying goes.

In the workhouse of Burnley, in the same county with Manchester, is an old, crippled pauper, who sits around the gates of the grounds, waiting presumably for the final human release. If you get into conversation with him, he will, after a little, whisper to you the startling intelligence that "the 'Merica war will now soon be over, and then raw cotton will not be grown at the price of blood." This leads to the same story as the other. It is an untold story of the American Civil War.

When southern cotton fields were turned to battle fields and master and slave neglected everything but the war, these weavers and spinners of the American cotton in Lancashire, and there were over two millions of them all told, were interested in the struggle to the extent of their daily bread. This was before the pitiful attempts of the English government to raise cotton in India and thus be independent of

*This highly original and interesting article was by mistake announced as a part of the January CHAUTAUQUAN.

the States. It was before the great development of the cotton manufacturing interests in New England. The world depended on these Lancashire weavers for cotton cloth then, and the weavers depended on New Orleans for raw material. Long before the war the Lancashire sky had been dark with other clouds than native coal smoke, and when the war broke out at last, they knew they were in for it.

The bales of cotton arriving at Liverpool became fewer every day. The great mills were put on short time. Then they began to close entirely, first for a month, then three months. But they stayed shut down for six months, then for a year, then another. And so the long drawn out sorrow came slowly but surely.

Savings banks and coöperative societies, the redeemers of latter-day poverty were in their infancy then. The wages of these factory workers averaged only $4.10 a week per adult for an eleven and one-half hour day. Working at these starvation wages what preparation could they make for the coming storm? Many firms crippled themselves trying to keep their hands at work as long as possible. Soon hundreds of half-famished men and women were walking the hard paved streets, wondering where tomorrow's dinner was coming from. The Manchester *Examiner,* the only daily paper, was scanned and passed around to find out any news of the 'Merica war.

Hopeless days were spent guessing the possibility of immediate settlement. Mills closed, stores closed, banks closed. The only interest that was aroused in town and county was when some member of Parliament would announce a speech on the present condition of things. It is an interesting study to follow the attitude of the leaders of the Lancashire people at that time. Mr. Gladstone without looking too closely at the American trouble had committed himself to a policy and course which he was man enough to condemn in himself in after life. He was a Lancashire man, from Liverpool. John Bright, the Quaker of Rochdale, was a cotton merchant himself, but his nature and re-

ligion revolted against slavery, and with voice and pen he urged the people of his county to stand by the Northern cause, through it meant long drawn out starvation. He mortgaged his mill to the last cent for relief work. Some say the family never recovered it.

The sacrifices that were made by Richard Cobden, another leader, will never be known. Since I have known America and the closer history of that war, together with some of the men who were up near the "colors and the music," I still doubt whether any greater sacrifice, personal and real, was made in contribution to the cause of union and freedom, than was made by that plain but wonderful tribune of the Lancaster people. Cobden got Henry Ward Beecher to his Free Trade Hall in Manchester and you who have read the story of Beecher's experience will recall the vast difference, the revulsion, that came to him as he looked into the faces of seven thousands of starving cotton weavers, in contrast to his experience amongst the aristocrats in Exeter Hall, London.

My father used to tell us stories of the war time, which he called the cotton panic, as we sat round the winter fire. He said that when I made my advent into the world there was little or nothing in the house to eat. He said, too it would be queer if I never became an American. Many of the neighbors had gone into other counties, taking with them a sack or poke, for picking up their bread from door to door. People that were ashamed to beg sang in companies in the streets of the midland towns while one or two carried the bag. When a Lancashire man loses his place now they speak of him as "having got the sack."

Hopeless starvation meetings were held in the towns and thousands would gather because they had nothing else to do. The Bread Riots had already taught the authorities of Lancashire the temper of the native when once aroused. One poor mother having had nothing for her children or herself for three days, took them and flung the three of them into the canal and jumped in after them. They were all

drowned. These were the family of my friend I introduced you to at the head of this calamity story, our friend of the workhouse. He never regained his reason, and always reverts to the point where he lost it.

I wonder sometimes how many poor wretches there were in the crowd who agreed to commit a wholesale suicide if the war was not settled by the 19th of October, 1862. There was a general funeral next day and starvation meetings were prohibited after that.

The question on every pallid lip, even of prematurely old-looking children on the street, was, "Has Lee surrendered yet?" Who Lee was they knew not, nor cared, but they knew that their lives, their daily bread depended on raw cotton, which somehow did not come.

A certain bridge in Burnley bears to this day the marks of a riot that was throttled by the soldiers. A mill, a grist mill, takes its name from an incident of the panic times. It is called Boggart Mill. The term meant ghost. The mill was rifled one night by white-caps and nine hundred sacks of flour were baked and eaten in two days.

My acquaintance of the Exchange was a manager of one of the cotton mills, and was at that time seeking to gain the good graces of his employer's daughter. Most of the manufacturers were in favor of the South, for they argued that the North could not possibly help us in furnishing cotton. This young man, one of the people, one whose sympathies should have been with the workers, either from conviction, or, as his people believed, from "love's blind policy," took up the side of the manufacturer, the government and the aristocracy.

At a meeting in the cattle market, after several strong speeches from the advocates of union and freedom, the foolish fellow essayed to argue the matter with the speakers on the platform. He claimed that the weavers were standing in their own light and that the wealthy would help them to work and food if they were not so rabid in their denunciation of the cause of slavery. He went on to hope

"that the time would speedily come when all fool politicians from the backwoods would be taught a lesson, and that Lincoln and all his tribe would be knocked into cocked hats." Before he could turn his head, a missile hit him in the face and he will bear "the Lincoln mark" to his grave.

The name of the great Liberator is to be seen on the top of the Cheops Pyramid in Egypt, writ there by some homesick American globe-trotter. Within ten miles of the city of Florence, Italy, is an old couple who have three children in Minnesota, and having got a chromo picture of the first American from their son, are under the impression that this great man must be the patron saint of the great west land, and so every morning prayer is offered for the Minnesotans in the name of St. Abraham Lincoln.

But it is amongst the dwarfed, eager, hungry-looking and yet sharp, shrewd cotton workers of the county of Lancaster, England, that one is impressed with the influence and history of Lincoln's "far-flung battle line." The Lancaster school has a personality all its own. Lincoln's proclamation of liberty is the best known document outside the weary list of "our kings and queens."

In my own day, next to the Almighty, the government inspector of schools was the terror of our lives. But we found his limitations once, and that relieved the pressure. He desired to make a few remarks to the school, ending with the question, "Who is the greatest man in British history?" Without a waver, sharp as the crack of a whip, came the universal answer, "Abraham Lincoln." He hesitated, and then turning to the master, asked, "Who in the world is Abraham Lincoln?" The master quietly suggested that this was a Lancashire school, as if that were the explanation needed. Need I tell you that every fiber of American cotton, and it is the best, weaves into this people the lesson of liberty for which their fathers and mothers suffered?

On the Exchange again, and you will see in one corner a miniature bale of cotton under a glass case, with the legend:

"Part of the first bale of free cotton, shipped from West Virginia, U. S., to Liverpool, 1865. FREE COTTON IS KING. BUT WHAT DID IT COST?"

The story of that bale of cotton is soon told. People from all over Lancashire came to Liverpool. Getting a flat wagon and trimming it with flowers, they placed the cotton in the middle and children around it, and over it the flag that I was born under and with it the flag that I expect to die under, the flag that you know so well; on these two flags the picture of the greatest man of his age, one that you love, that my people loved, and that appeals to plain people everywhere — ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Through the streets they went singing "The Battle-cry of Freedom," on to St. George's Square, where it served as an altar for the Bishop of Manchester to preach his sermon on civil liberty.

No such thing could occur again. England and America have outgrown it. Along the walls of my old school, on the Free Library stairs, in the great savings bank building, in the chamber of commerce, everywhere the Lancastrian hangs his pictures of noble men—for England has noble men and noblemen—there you will find side by side with the faces of Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, Peel, Pitt, and Palmerston the dear familiar face of the great American, Abraham Lincoln.

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

MAKE religious thought and motive the basis of your whole life. Live sanely on all sides of your nature: Take care of your body and keep it in health by work, by exercise, by wholesome food, by regular hours, by recreation of a wholesome sort, by social life full of cheer and good will. Be at your physical best. Enjoy life. And let all your gladness be hallowed by large thoughts concerning God, his love, his wisdom, his presence and the infinite resources he places at your command. Make it a part of your religion to take care of your *manners* that according to the measure of your gifts, you may be attractive and interesting to others. Cultivate the art of conversation. Be as valuable a member of the social circle as possible and in all social life be magnanimous, generous and full of cheer. Be a reader and a student whatever your sphere in life may be. If you are a blacksmith try to be as nearly like Elihu Burritt as possible. If you are a farmer boy study the life of Lincoln. If you are a tradesman full of enterprise and ambition and with business tact study the life of Peter Waldo. But why attempt to call the long list? Study Biography. It is like being introduced to and becoming intimate with worthy men and women whose lives demonstrate the excellency of faith in God, good will to men, self-sacrifice in order to develop larger usefulness, diligence in study and in business in order to succeed in life and in the service of men. Make biography a specialty and fill your memory and heart with the lives that have made the world worth something. Read the lives of such men as Gladstone, Benjamin Franklin, the English Havelock, Luther, John Howard, Phillips Brooks, the successful business men, the brave reformers,

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper service throughout the year. The paper of this month is a continuation of that printed in the January CHAUTAUQUAN, of which the general subject was "How to Begin to be Good."

the noble women of our Christian civilization. The more worthy people you *know* the more elements of power you have if you put your heart and will into your knowledge.

9. And try to avoid all superstition. Don't be afraid of God. He is the last being in the universe to be afraid of. Out of His infinite heart all our best human loves come. He is more gentle than any mother. He is patient and forbearing. You can trust Him and lean on Him. You can breathe Him into your soul until His strength becomes your strength. Think of Him as the *Sun*. He is the Sun of Righteousness. If you want to kindle a fire in your soul take your lens of real faith, and thinking of God and His promises resolve firmly and steadily, and both light and heat will come to you.

10. It is a great thing to have a constant and unchanging faith in the permanent realities of this universe. Nothing goes by mere chance or impulse. You wake up in the morning from a sound or troubled sleep. The world has gone on in its usual fashion while you slept. You have not been conscious of responsibility. Now when you wake the world will continue to go in the same fashion. The vital energy in vegetable and animal kingdoms is still at work. Gravitation is still holding its own. The atmosphere continues to enfold the earth. The electric currents are ready for use. Everything necessary to life and activity continued during your sleep, is ready for use when you awake, and holds in reserve, subject to human command, all that is necessary for the service of man.

In the same way the invisible, the living and the loving God fills the universe with His presence. Whether you sleep or whether you wake the forces that make for life, for comfort, for character are in evidence. It is for you to use them; to adjust yourself to them; to accept and apply them. It is morning! You don't need any special interposition in your case. Here is the water—wash! You have already been using the fine fresh air of the morning that filled your room even while you slept,—breathe it in! You need

no miracle—there is the Sun—shining an hour before you awoke, and shining far beyond the hills while you slept in the darkness—raise the curtain and let it flood your room! You need no "revival" of Nature's energies. You need no new baptism of physical power. Here they all are, here before you awoke they all were. Use them. They are exhaustless. Use them. They are to be depended upon as to their way of acting. Know the laws and yield to the forces of Nature. As in matter so in Spirit. As in Nature so in Grace. As in the physical air so in breathing the Spirit of the living God. As in the natural Sun so in the Sun of Righteousness. Everything is ready for you. Everything was ready for you before you awoke. Use the ever present and boundless provision of God in Nature for your body. Use the ever present and boundless provision of God in Grace for your soul and body. Wait for nothing. The natural sun slips out of sight as the earth turns. Your sunglass is worth nothing now. But the Sun of Righteousness never leaves the spiritual horizon, you may use your lens of prayer at midnight! Don't ask or wait for any miracle. The whole system of Matter and Mind, of Nature and Grace is a perpetual miracle. Don't *ask*—accept. Don't wait—use! Get up, O sluggard, and live in both worlds in which ample provisions have been made and simply await your acceptance—the world of good for the body and the world of grace for the soul. Take long deep draughts of the fresh air: take as long and deep draughts of the encompassing and all pervading Spirit of God. Lift the curtain and by that act you pray "O Sun of Righteousness shine upon me!"

Just as the provisions of what you call Nature (I call it God) anticipate all your needs and demand only your acceptance so with the needs of your soul. God works for you and *in* you, in grace as in nature. Accept Him. *Use* His provided resources. The Sun has light-rays and heat-rays. Take either or both as you choose. You may have the actinic ray by conforming to the law of its creation. Ask for what you want and remember that as in nature there are

protective and adaptive agencies, so in grace the divine energy of wisdom and love is ever operative. Work out your own salvation for it is God who works in you. God has his plan as He has his resources for you. It is a precious reflection that for each *unit* in this universe of innumerable souls God cares, and that the rays of the Sun play as directly and as perfectly on the tiny flower as on the giant tree, on the babe in its cradle as on the king on his throne.

God knows the units. He knows, he loves and he *cares* for you and for you and for *you*. He turns over all things for your individual use—all the sun—the whole sun is yours. All the enwrapping atmosphere is yours. The force of gravitation is for you. It is not hard for me to believe that God knows and cares for and loves and comforts and leads the smallest child, the poorest, feeblest representative of the race—"Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father." "The very hairs of your head are numbered."

I go further than to acknowledge this recognition of the individual; I believe that each individual is subject to the divine supervision. God not only knows all and each but He *adapts* Himself to the individual. It is safe to say to every *one*—God knows and plans for and leads *you*. His omnipresence is the active agency of Wisdom and Love applied to each personality. Here is a young life—ill-taught, neglected, possibly abused by early associates—by father or by mother or, lacking both, by guardian or employer. But God cares for that ill-used unit. He knows. He loves. He leads. At fifty he is a sympathetic friend, a philanthropist, a true servant of God. Out of his own lack he learned to love and to help. God led him that way. So God leads every one of us by paths not of our own choosing. His wisdom often outreaches our folly. What seems hard and cruel in the experience proves to be the very thing that goaded us to effort or that taught us self-control or that filled us with the spirit of patience. Horace Bushnell has a sermon on "Every man's life a plan of God." I wish

everybody could read it. Your life, little and unknown by most people, discouragingly insignificant as it occasionally seems to you—your life *is* in the plan of God. Your life is, as far as you will allow it, a part of the plan of God. You see the wrong side of it now. But there is a *right side* where every thread of every shade, every flower, leaf and tendril are beautiful and harmonious.

Here is a man whose weakest point of character is his love of human praise. He is contented when men commend. He is wretched when popular opinion condemns. The praise of men is his *idol*. How often God takes such a man in hand and schools him by processes that smart and sting and humiliate! He loves praise and gets adverse criticism and censure and sometimes contempt. He is defeated in his policies, laughed at for sensitiveness, snubbed, ignored or repudiated by the very circles whose praise he coveted. And all this drives him to despair or draws him to God. Shut out from the things in the world that he most covets he comes to find rest and peace as he is shut in with the love and strength and peace of God. Thus God's gracious providence works for us, all unsought by us, all unrecognized by us until we stand purified, refined as by fire in the presence of saints and angels—the self expurgated, and love enshrined in the very center of a once selfish heart.





"The Light of the World." By William Holman Hunt

Representative English Paintings

"The Light of the World."

By W. Bertrand Stevens

[William Holman Hunt was born in London in April, 1827. In 1845 he became a student of the Royal Academy much against the wishes of his parents. He is known chiefly as a religious painter and as the only one of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood who, in later life, did not abandon the early principles of that society.]

Between the years 1840 and 1850 the English school of painting was, almost without exception, mediocre. To be sure, Turner was still alive, but he was past his prime and his influence counted for little. The most skilful draughtsmen of the period had completely lost touch with nature and had lapsed into a commonplace conventionality and dependence on precedent. Disgusted by the affectation and narrow horizon of their older contemporaries, three young men formed a society that had for its aim the regeneration of English art. These three painters, William Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Sir John Millais, together with four like-minded, young artists and writers were the original members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood whose first pictures so utterly amazed the English art world.

This little circle made it their duty to nurse their national art back to health. Few would be bold enough to say that English painting would never have regained itself without their aid, but it is certain that they were the means of a sure and speedy recovery. But what were the definite purposes of the Pre-Raphaelites? Mr. William M. Rossetti, writer and brother of the painter, himself a member of the society, sums them up in this fashion: "To be a Pre-Raphaelite it was necessary, (1) to have definite ideas to express; (2) to study nature attentively so as to know how to express the ideas; (3) to sympathize with previous art to the exclusion of what is conventional and self-parading and learned by rote; and, (4) most indispensable of all, to produce thoroughly good pictures and statues."

William Holman Hunt stands unique among the three

founders of the Brotherhood for the reason that he has kept to these principles with unwavering faithfulness. The study of nature has been his absorbing passion and in all of his pictures he has painted religiously the most minute details. Both Rossetti and Millais drifted away from their early ideals but Hunt has preserved them to the letter.

"The Light of the World" is a sermon, complete in itself. No one can fail to appreciate the tremendous power of this representation of the Saviour. It is, moreover, a picture that can be enjoyed quite as well in reproduction as in the original, Hunt's colors are not always pleasing and this is especially true of "The Light of the World." The picture was suggested by the beautiful verse in the twelfth chapter of Revelations: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him and he with me."

The majestic figure of Christ stands before us in a long white robe over which is a richly embroidered mantle; on His head rests a crown of thorns. These things are emblematical of His offices of Prophet, Priest and King. At the left of the picture is a door, representing the human soul. Old, rusty, and over-grown with ivy, it is apparent that the door has seldom been opened. The lantern in the left hand of Christ is commonly called the "light of conscience," which displays, first, past sin and afterwards the light of peace and the hope of salvation. The picture is full of spiritual feeling and a carefully worked-out symbolism.

The critics tell us that Holman Hunt is not a great painter. But he is a good story teller, preacher—whatever you will. Shall the painter tell stories or must he leave that for the writer and aim to please simply the senses? Somewhere in our minds we have an axiom that tells us that painting is wholly unfit for story-telling—that its mission is vastly different. But we are surely forgiven if we forget that before William Holman Hunt's incomparable conception of our Blessed Lord and Saviour.



The Princely Pleasures at Kenilworth Castle

IN July, 1575, as Queen Elizabeth was upon one of her progresses, she made the Earl of Leicester a visit at his castle of Kenilworth. The manor and castle, which had formerly belonged to the crown, had been granted to the Earl of Leicester and his heirs in the fifth year of her reign. After obtaining this noble seat it is said "he spared for no expense in the enlarging and adorning it." Sir William Dugdale relates that the charges bestowed by the earl on the castle park, and chase amounted to no less than £60,000. Here, it is related in the life of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, he entertained the queen and her court in the summer of 1575 "for seventeen days together with all imaginable magnificence."

"At her first entrance a floating island was discerned upon the pool, glittering with torches, on which sat The Lady of the Lake attended by two nymphs, who addressed her Majesty in verse, with an historical account of the antiquity of the owners of the castle; and the speech was closed with the sound of cornets and other instruments of loud music. Within the base-court was erected a stately bridge twenty foot wide and seventy foot long, over which the queen was to pass; and on each side stood columns, with presents upon them to her Majesty from the gods. Silvanus offered a cage of wild fowl, and Pomona divers sorts of fruit; Ceres gave corn, and Bacchus wine; Neptune presented sea fish; Mars the habiliments of war and Phoebus all kinds of musical instruments. During the rest of her stay a variety of sports and shows were daily exhibited. In the chase was a savage man with satyrs; there were bear baitings and fire works, Italian tumblers, and a country bridal, running at the quintin and Morris-dancing, and, that no sort of diversion might be omitted, hither came the Coventry men and acted the ancient play, so long since used in that city, called Hocks-Tuesday, representing the destruction of the Danes in the reign of King Ethelred; which proved so agreeable to her Majesty that she ordered them a brace of bucks and five marks in money to defray the charges of the feast. There were besides in the pool a Triton riding on a mermaid 18 foot long and Arion

upon a dolphin. . . . An estimate may be found of the expense from the quantity of ordinary beer, which was drunk upon this occasion, with amounted to three hundred and twenty hogsheads."

George Gascoigne has given an account of the princely pleasures upon this memorable occasion. He seems to have arranged many of the entertainments and to have composed much of the verse which was inflicted upon her Majesty. Everywhere the Queen turned she was met by various personages representing the gods and goddesses of Greek mythology and characters famous in Arthurian legend. There is a charming incongruity in this mixture of classical and English mythology. The Lady of the Lake, Diana and her nymphs, King Arthur and his knights, Echo, Satyr, etc., mingled in an un-historic democracy.

Upon the lake in the castle grounds fire works were offered in the evening and various water shows of an allegorical significance. Of these it is said:

"There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water; and among others Harry Goldingham was to present Arion upon the dolphin's back, but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to performe it, he tears off his disguise and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham: which blunt discovery pleased the queen better, than if he had gone through in the right way." "Yet," the footnote adds, "he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well."

Upon the Queen's departure the Earl commanded Master Gascoigne to devise some farewell worth the presenting; whereupon he himself, "clad like Sylvanus, god of the woods, and meeting her as she went out hunting, spake extempory as followeth." Then comes a long address, after which her Majesty proceeded, and Sylvanus pursuing continued his discourse at even greater length. After a time "her Majesty stayed her horse to favor Sylvanus, fearing lest he should be driven out of breath by following her horse so fast. But Sylvanus humbly besought her Highness to go on, declaring that if his rude speech did not offend her, he could continue this tale to be twenty miles long."



George Eliot

Brother and Sister

GEORGE ELIOT.

I.

I cannot choose but think upon the time
When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime,
Because the one so near the other is.

He was the elder and a little man
Of forty inches, bound to show no dread,
And I the girl that puppy-like now ran,
Now lagged behind my brother's larger tread.

I held him wise, and when he talked to me
Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,
I thought his knowledge marked the boundary
Where men grew blind, though angels knew the rest.

If he said "Hush!" I tried to hold my breath.
Wherever he said "Come!" I stepped in faith.

II.

Long years have left their writing on my brow,
But yet the freshness and the dew-fed beam
Of those young mornings are about me now,
When we two wandered toward the far-off stream,

With rod and line. Our baskets held a store
Baked for us only, and I thought with joy
That I should have my share, though he had more,
Because he was the elder and a boy.

The firmaments of daisies since to me
Have had those mornings in their opening eyes,
The bunched cowslip's pale transparency
Carries that sunshine of sweet memories,

And wild-rose branches take their finest scent
From those blest hours of infantine content.

* * * *

VI.

Our brown canal was endless to my thought;
And on its banks I sat in dreamy peace,
Unknowing how the good I loved was wrought,
Untroubled by the fear that it would cease.

Slowly the barges floated into view
Rounding a grassy hill to me sublime
With some Unknown behind it, whither flew
The parting cuckoo toward a fresh spring time,

The wide-arched bridge, the scented elder-flowers,
The wondrous watery rings that died too soon,
The echoes of the quarry, the still hours,
With white robe sweping-on the shadeless noon,

Were but my growing self, are part of me
My present Past, my root of piety.

VII.

Those long days measured by my little feet
Had chronicles which yield me many a text;
Where irony still finds an image meet
Of full-grown judgments in this world perplext.

One day my brother left me in high charge
To mind the rod, while he went seeking bait,
And bade me, when I saw a nearing barge,
Snatch out the line, lest he should come too late.

Proud of the task, I watched with all my might
For one whole minute, till my eyes grew wide,
Till sky and earth took on a strange new light
And seemed a dream-world floating on some tide—

A fair pavilioned boat for me alone
Bearing me onward through the vast unknown.

VIII.

But sudden came the barge's pitch-black prow,
Nearer and angrier came my brother's cry,
And all my soul was quivering fear, when lo!
Upon the imperilled line, suspended high,

A silver perch! My guilt that won the prey,
Now turned to merit, had a guerdon rich
Of hugs and praises, and made merry play,
Until my triumph reached its highest pitch

When all at home were told the wondrous feat
And how the little sister had fished well.
In secret, though my fortune tasted sweet,
I wondered why this happiness befell.

"The little lass had luck," the gardener said:
And so I learned, luck was with glory wed.

IX.

We had the self-same world enlarged for each
By loving difference of girl and boy:
The fruit that hung on high beyond my reach
He plucked for me, and oft he must employ

A measuring glance to guide my tiny shoe
Where lay firm stepping-stones, or call to mind
"This thing I like my sister may not do,
For she is little and I must be kind."

Thus boyish Will the nobler mastery learned
Where inward vision over impulse reigns,
Widening its life with separate life discerned,
A Like unlike, a Self that self-restrains.

His years with others must the sweeter be
For those brief days he spent in loving me.

X.

His sorrow was my sorrow, and his joy
Sent little leaps and laughs through all my frame;
My doll seemed lifeless and no girlish toy
Had any reason when my brother came.

I knelt with him at marbles, marked his fling,
Cut the ringed stem and made the apple drop,
Or watched him winding close the spiral string
That looped the orbits of the humming top.

Grasped by such fellowship my vagrant thought
Ceased with dream-fruit dream-wishes to fulfil;
My aëry-picturing fantasy was taught
Subject to the harder, truer skill

That seeks with deed to grave a thought-tracked line,
And by "What is," "What will be" to define.

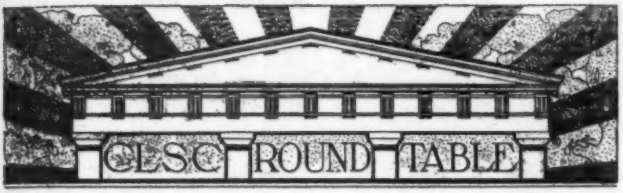
XI.

School parted us; we never found again
That childish world where our two spirits mingled
Like scents from varying roses but remain
One sweetness, nor can evermore be singled.

Yet the twin habit of the early time
Lingered for long about the heart and tongue:
We had been natives of one happy clime,
And its dear accent to our utterance clung.

Till the dire years whose awful name is Change
Had grasped our souls still yearning in divorce,
And pitiless shaped them in two forms that range
Two elements which sever their life's course.

But were another childhood-world my share,
I would be born a little sister there.



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"RATIONAL LIVING."

The fourth C. L. S. C. Book for this year will tempt many by its title, "Rational Living," and perchance will dismay some readers by its opening chapters. But there is really no cause for apprehension or trouble. Every student of psychology has certain forms of expression which mean certain definite things to all other students of this science. Some of these words are quite unfamiliar to many of us, but it does not follow that a little careful study will not enable us to grasp their meaning sufficiently to follow the author's line of thought. The book is not a large one. Chapters and pages may easily be read and re-read in the time assigned, and many of us will be surprised and delighted to find how the truths set forth here will help to dispel some of the doubts and worries from which we have suffered because we are still clinging to outgrown traditions instead of being refreshed and invigorated by well established scientific truths.

The author of our book, President King of Oberlin, is a rare teacher, a practical leader of young men and women. We shall find that this little volume abounds with sane and inspiring practical suggestions which will make it a book to be read and read again.

CLASS PIN FOR 1907.

The Committee on the Class pin for the 1907's report a design which they think will prove acceptable to members of the class. The class numerals '07 will be in white and the letters C. L. S. C. in red, suggestive of the Scarlet Salvia, the class emblem. The triangular background for these letters and figures will be encircled by a wreath of laurel which is fitting, since it is emblematic of the honors due to Washington, for whom the class is named. The pin will be furnished in two styles, in silver for seventy-five cents and in gold for a price not exceeding two dollars. Members of the class who wish to secure pins are asked to notify the secretary, Miss Rannie Webster, Oil City, Pa., which style they prefer. This will enable her to order with some definite idea of what the demand is likely to be, and she will arrange to have the pins on sale by the first of April. The money need not be sent until the pins are ready, but a postal card to the secretary stating the kind desired will be of great assistance.

The Class of '96 which celebrated its decennial last summer is laying plans for a decade of useful activities which may properly lead up to its vicennial in 1916! All members are asked to send to the secretary, Miss Emily E. Birchard, 28 Penrose avenue, Cleveland, O., their names and addresses, as many changes have taken place since the class graduated, and a revised list is being made.

TO THE CLASS OF 1896.

Your president wishes to send to you Christmas and New Year's Greetings, through the medium of the Round Table, and to express his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him.

The value of the officers to an older class is largely in their presence and influence during the Recognition Week observances, to arrange reunions and to foste[illegible]ew inspiration that will be felt not alone while at Chautauqua bu[illegible] at home. The Decennial observance on August 10 was well attended and encouraging addresses were made by Bishop Vincent, Prof. George E. Vincent, Miss Kate Kimball, Dr. Hickman and also by Rev. Dr. Peck and Mr. Henry W. Sadd, both members of the class. Kindly words of appreciation were spoken in loving memory of the late beloved

president, Mr. John A. Seaton, a loyal and aggressive Chautauquan, and his work for the class and for Alumni Hall. The Class, with its membership of over 1300, should be proud of its past record. The sum of $250 has been paid for a pillar in the New Hall of Philosophy, our allotted share for the year given to the Alumni Hall association, and a substantial balance remains in the treasury.

The motto "Truth Seekers," is significant of the ideals of the class, fittingly applying to every day life, and if the Greek Lamp, the class emblem, was sufficient for past ages, modern equipment should mean the attainment of large results in study and thought.

Let all members endeavor to be present during Recognition Week each year and especially at the double decennial, ten years hence.

Cordially,
FRANK D. FRISBIE, President.



BIBLICAL ALLUSIONS IN TENNYSON.

Some years ago a well-known college president becoming skeptical as to the average student's knowledge of the Bible, selected twenty-two extracts from Tennyson's poems and asked each of the thirty-four students to explain the Biblical allusions. The result was startling. Out of a possible seven hundred and forty-eight correct answers only three hundred and twenty-eight were given. Twenty-three of the young men had never heard of Arimathaean Joseph, twenty-eight were vanquished by Jonah's gourd. Twenty-seven could not cope with "A whole Peter's sheet," and eighteen were bewildered by "Pharaoh's darkness." Our readers may be interested to see this test which resulted so disastrously. The list was taken from the appendix to Dr. Van Dyke's "The Poetry of Tennyson."

"My sin was a thorn
Among the thorns that girt Thy brow."—*"Supposed Confessions."*
"As manna on my wilderness."—*Ibid.*

"That God would move,
And strike the hard, hard rock, and thence,
Sweet in their utmost bitterness,
Would issue tears of penitence."—*Ibid.*

"Like that strange angel which of old
Until the breaking of the light
Wrestled with wandering Israel."—*"To—."*
"Like Hezekiah's, backward runs
The shadow of my days."—*"Will Waterproof."*
"Joshua's moon in Ajalon."—*"Locksley Hall."*
"A heart as rough as Esau's hand."—*"Godiva."*

"Gash thyself, priest, and honor thy brute Baal."—*"Aylmer's Field."*
"Ruth amid the fields of corn."—*Ibid.*
"Pharoah's darkness."—*Ibid.*
"A Jonah's gourd
Up in one night and due to sudden sun."—*"The Princess."*
"Stiff as Lot's wife."—*Ibid.*
"Arimathaean Joseph."—*"The Holy Grail."*
"For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine—
"The Last Tournament."
"Perhaps, like him of Cana in Holy Writ,
Our Arthur kept his best until the last."—*"The Holy Grail."*
"And marked me even as Cain."—*"Queen Mary."*
"The Church on Peter's rock."—*Ibid.*
"Let her eat dust like the serpent, and be driven out of her Paradise."—*"Becket."*
"A whole Peter's sheet."—*Ibid.*
"The godless Jephtha vows the child.
To one cast of the dice."—*"The Flight."*
"A Jacob's ladder falls."—*"Early Spring."*
"Follow Light and do the Right—for man can half control his doom—
Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb."
"Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After."



BROWNING.

Some persons are overcome with a sense of hopelessness when confronted with a Browning poem. They give up the battle before it is begun, with the assurance that they have no "poetic faculty," and they are content thereafter to read only what other people say about the poet. But these same people are often keen observers and clever in conversation. They enjoy analyzing people's motives and working out the human puzzles which surround them. They really ought to know Browning for he is not only a past master in human problems but dignifies the process of linking together the human with what we call the supernatural. If you need a little pressure to bring you into the atmosphere of the poet, try some Browning readings during this New Year. Here is a plan:

March 1. "Hervé Riel."
March 2. "Incident of the French Camp."
March 3. "The Patriot."
March 4. "The Boy and the Angel."
March 5. "One Way of Love."
March 6. "Another Way of Love."

March 7. "The Guardian Angel."
March 8. "Love in a Life; Life in a Love."
March 9. "Christina."
March 10. "Evelyn Hope."
March 11. "The Statue and the Bust."
March 12. "The Last Ride Together."
March 13. "Apparent Failure."
March 14. "In a Balcony."
March 15. "In a Balcony."
March 16. "By the Fireside."
March 17. "Andrea del Sarto."
March 18. "Abt Vogler."
March 19. "The Lost Leader."
March 20. "Saul."
March 21. "Instans Tyrannus."
March 22. "Cleon."
March 23. "An Epistle."
March 24. "Christmas Eve."
March 25. "Christmas Eve."
March 26. "Easter Day."
March 27. "Easter Day."
March 28. "A Death in the Desert."
March 29. "A Death in the Desert."
March 30. "Rabbi Ben Ezra."
March 31. "Prospice."

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY —November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY — November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY — January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY — August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR MARCH.

FIRST WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Warwickshire" to page 303.
Required Book: "Literary Leaders of Modern England." Chapters XIII and XIV.

SECOND WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:. "Warwickshire" concluded.
Required Book: "What is Shakespeare?" Chapters VII and VIII.

THIRD WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "English Men of Fame: Dean Stanley."
Required Books: "Literary Leaders of Modern England." Chapter XV. "Rational Living." Chapter I.

FOURTH WEEK.

Required Books: "Literary Leaders of Modern England." Chapter XVI. "Rational Living." Chapters II and III.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES

FIRST WEEK.

Map Review: Warwickshire showing its relation to surrounding counties and to the topography of England.

Brief Paper: Leading events in the Life of George Eliot. See Bibliography, also article in Warner Library of the World's Best Literature.

Reading: Selections from George Eliot's "Brother and Sister" (see the Library Shelf).

Book Review: "Adam Bede."

Paper: George Eliot's Characteristics as a Writer.

Reading: Chapter in Alice Brown's "By Oak and Thorn," describing a visit to George Eliot's home.

Roll Call: Quotations from "Scenes from Clerical Life."

SECOND WEEK.

Review of Life of Shakespeare in required book.

Book Review: "Master Skylark," John Bennett (Shakespeare's boyhood), or "Judith Shakespeare," William Black.

Paper: The Origins of Shakespeare's plays, especially the immediate sources (see the introductions to the several plays in the Cambridge Shakespeare or in single copies of the plays).

Roll Call: Responses by recitation of one of Shakespeare's Sonnets: Numbers 18, 27, 29, 30, 33, 91, 104, 106, 116 are suggested.

Paper: Allusions to local customs in Shakespeare's plays (see "Shakespeare's England," by William Winter, "William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man," etc.).

Song: "Hark, Hark the Lark," from Cymbeline. Schubert's rendering of this can be secured for 20 cents from The Chautauqua Press. It is published in three forms, Soprano, Mezzo Soprano and Alto.

Circles which prefer to substitute for this Shakespeare program one covering various points in the Reading Journey will find numerous suggestions in the Travel Club Programs.

THIRD WEEK.

Review of Article on Dean Stanley or reports on further incidents in his life (see Life and Letters by Prothero and other available books).

Paper: Thomas Arnold as a teacher (see his life by Dean Stanley).

Book Review: "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby."

Reading: Selection from "Rugby Chapel" by Matthew Arnold.

Studies in the poetry of Browning: Certain poems may be assigned for each member to read in advance such as "The Last Ride Together," "My Last Duchess," "One Way of Love," "The Statue and the Bust," "In a Balcony." These poems present views of life and love; or a group of poems concerned with art and music may be chosen: "Abt Vogler," "Andrea del Sarto," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Old Pictures in Florence;" or a group having to do with heroic action: "The Patriot," "Incident of the French Camp," "The Lost Leader," "Hervé Riel."

Let the leader bring out the following points: 1. The story of the poem. 2. Browning's skill in making the situation real. 3. His ability to portray character. 4. The views of life or the ethical ideas brought out. 5. The problems, if any, which are presented.

Roll Call: Quotations from the poems studied.

FOURTH WEEK.

Study of words used in required chapters on "Rational Living."

Oral Reports: Useful proverbs based upon common toil (see Dictionaries).

Review of Chapters I-III in "Rational Living."

Roll Call: Memorized thoughts from Chapters I-III of "Rational Living."

Studies in some of Browning's religious poems: "Christmas Eve." "Easter Day." "Rabbi Ben Ezra." "An Epistle" (see suggestions above).

THE TRAVEL CLUB.

FIFTEENTH WEEK.

Map Review of Warwickshire showing its relation to surrounding counties and to the topography of England.

Brief Paper: Leading Events in the life of George Eliot (see Bibliography also articles in Warner Library of the World's Best Literature).

Reading: Selections from George Eliot's "Brother and Sister" (see the Library Shelf).

Book Review: "Adam Bede."

Paper: George Eliot's Characteristics as a Writer.

Reading: Chapter in Alice Brown's "By Oak and Thorn" describing a visit to George Eliot's home.

Roll Call: Quotations from "Scenes from Clerical Life."

SIXTEENTH PROGRAM.

Oral Report: Holman Hunt (see article in this magazine. One of the treasures of the Birmingham Art Gallery is his "Two Gentlemen of Verona." See for particulars of his life "The English Preraphaelite Painters" by Percy Bate, encyclopedia articles, etc.).

Roll Call: Reports on Birmingham as a model City: See "An Object lesson in Municipal Government," *Century* 31:71; "Best Governed City in the World," *Harper's Magazine* 81:99, and other magazine articles on Birmingham. See also Elihu Burritt's "Walks in the Black Country."

Readings: Selection from Richard II,—trial of arms at Coventry; also Henry IV, first part, Act IV, Scene II, Falstaff's ragged regiment; each of these readings should be preceded by a brief statement of the story of the play.

Brief account of Walter Savage Landor with reading of "Leofric and Godiva," in his "Imaginary Conversations," and Tennyson's "Lady Godiva."

Book Review: Scott's "Kenilworth."

Reading: Selections from "Kenilworth" (see also Library Shelf in this magazine.)

SEVENTEENTH PROGRAM.

Reading: Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," chapter About Warwick.
Oral Reports: Other Historic associations of Warwick.
Roll Call: Brief reports of characteristics of the great English Schools: Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, etc. (see THE CHAUTAUQUAN 28:427 Feb., 1899, and other magazine articles, encyclopedias, etc.).
Book Review: "Tom Brown's School Days."
Paper: Dr. Thomas Arnold (see his life by Dean Stanley).
Reading: Selection from "Rugby Chapel" by Matthew Arnold.
Character Sketch: Dean Stanley (see article in this magazine, "Stanley's Life and Letters" by Prothero and other available books).
Reading: Hawthorne's description of Leamington Spa in "Our Old Home."

EIGHTEENTH PROGRAM.

Paper: Shakespeare's Life (see Life of Sidney Lee; "What is Shakespeare?" Sherman; "William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man," by Hamilton Mabie, and other available books.)
Book Review: "Master Skylark" by John Bennett (Shakespeare's boyhood); or "Judith Shakespeare" by William Black.
Paper: Allusions to local customs in Shakespeare's plays (see "Shakespeare's England," William Winter. "William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man," etc.)
Oral Report: 1. The Roman plays of Shakespeare, "Julius Cæsar," "Coriolanus," etc. How do they compare in details with the facts as given in Plutarch's Lives? Are there allusions in these plays which are English rather than Roman; or, 2, English History in Shakespeare's plays. How far are they to be depended upon for historical accuracy? (See all available books on Shakespeare.)
Paper: The Origins of Shakespeare's plays especially the immediate sources (see the introductions to the several plays in the Cambridge Shakespeare or in single copies of the plays).
Roll Call: Some of Shakespeare's Sonnets: Numbers 18, 29, 30, 91, 104, 106, 116, etc.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON FEBRUARY READINGS.

1. James Martineau was a celebrated theologian and philosopher. He was the author of books upon ethics, theology, and philosophy. 2. At St. Peter's Field, Manchester, August 16, 1819, a large assembly of the laboring classes which had met to advocate social reform was charged by the troops. Many persons were killed and wounded. The word "Peterloo" was formed in imitation of "Waterloo". 3. Milton's poem of that name. 4. "Rochdale Pioneers" is the name given a successful workingman's coöperative association founded in 1844. 5. Mrs. Felicia Hermans is the author of "Casabianca," "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," and several famous hymns. 6. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1828-1882, was a celebrated poet and painter. He was also one of the original members of the Preraphaelite Brotherhood. 7. Bishop Reginald Heber is chiefly celebrated as a writer of hymns among which are "From

Greenland's Icy Mountains," "Brightest and Best," and "Holy, Holy, Holy." 8. For information upon "The Cheshire Cat" see "Alice in Wonderland." 9. Karl Marx, 1818-1883, was a celebrated German socialist. His most famous work is "Das Kapital." 10. The Positivists are followers of Comte, the celebrated French philosopher. He held that the study of society may be made as scientific as the study of the positive sciences of Astronomy and Physics. 11. Frederic Harrison is the author of "Social Statistics," "The Choice of Books," "The Meaning of History," and various books upon philosophy, history, etc. 12. Sir Thomas Brassey's yacht *The Sunbeam* is celebrated in the book of the first Lady Brassey entitled "The Voyage of the Sunbeam." 13. Sidney and Beatrice Webb are two of the most famous students of and writers upon social topics in England. They are the authors of, among other books, 'The History of Trade Unionism." "Problems of Modern Industry," etc. 14. The dock workers struck for better pay, a shorter working day and particularly for more regular employment.

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

"As my contribution to the Round Table today," remarked a member from New York City, "I want to commend this charming new book by W. D. Howells which richly deserves its name 'Certain Delightful English Towns.' I hope all of you got it for Christmas, but for the benefit of those who did not I would say that it is published by Harper & Brothers, and the price alas! is three dollars. However, that is by no means prohibitive for public libraries even if it is for some of our individual pocket books and you will be doing a service to your community if you can persuade the library to secure it. Howells has such a keen and yet a genial way of hitting off people and things, as when he says,

"'I have always liked to believe everything I read in guidebooks, or hear from sacristans or custodians. In Chester you can believe not only the bleak Baedeker, with its stern adherence to fact, but anything that anybody tells you; and in my turn I ask the unquestioning faith of the reader when I assure him he will find nothing so medieval-looking out of Nuremberg as that street—I think it is called Eastgate Street—with its Rows, or two-story sidewalks, and its timber-gabled shops with their double chance of putting up the rates on the fresh American. Let him pay the price, and gladly, for there is no perspective worthier his money.'"

"I am constantly struck with the way in which no matter what I am studying I am sure to run across sidelights upon it in my reading," said a Nebraskan. "Did you notice in Hawthorne's 'Our Old Home' what he says about the tradition that King Cymbeline founded Warwick?

"'Perhaps it was in the landscape now under our eyes that Posthumous wandered with the King's daughter, the sweet, chaste, faithful and courageous Imogen, the tenderest and womanliest woman that Shakespeare ever made immortal in the world. The

silver Avon which we see flowing so quietly by the gray castle may have held their images in its bosom.'

"I really hadn't exactly localized 'Cymbeline' as I read the play, but Hawthorne's suggestion gives it a new picturesqueness."

"May I ask without any disposition to criticise," ventured a member from Tennessee, "if Warwick shouldn't be pronounced Warick?" "The intricacies of English pronunciation I am sure rob us all of the critical spirit," responded Pendragon, "and we are ready for light from any quarter. Yes, Warwick is Warick and Beauchamp is Beecham and Cholmondeley is Chumley in the speech of our British cousins and when we're in England and even sometimes when we're out of the country it is well to do as the English do! We've become so used to leaving out a syllable in Leicester and Gloucester and Worcester which we take quite as a matter of course that we can't be harsh with our neighbors over the sea. The moral of all this is that you'd better have a committee on pronunciation in your circles and be sure that these innocent looking names are just what they seem to be!"

"Let me say," he continued, "that I learn from the secretary of 1910, Miss Harris, that she is getting letters from members which show that the class spirit is strong. One member sends a postal from England and an individual reader writes from Tennessee. Other letters ask to be put in touch with circles or, if individual readers, express their delight in the course."

"While you are on the subject of individual readers do let me read this letter," said a Virginia member, "from a young friend of mine, who has been a Chautauqua reader for three years and expects to graduate in 1907. I think you will agree with me that she represents a plucky type of which we may all be proud. I asked her to write a note to the Round Table and report progress. Here is the letter. You will see how she has caught the spirit of our Chancellor's interpretation of the letters C. L. S. C.:

"'Yes, I am a lone reader. But when I realize that the privilege of being even an individual reader could be taken from me, I fully appreciate the advantage. I do make a sacrifice, I feel, by taking the course. Of course, I mean financially. I couldn't mean any other way. I am a rural school teacher, and in this section of the country we are paid very poorly. I hold a first grade certificate, and have never received a salary over $20.00 per month. Out of this I pay my board and help support my dear mother. Still I am thankful that I am fortunate enough to give even this support. It is for this reason that I am never able to begin my work early in the year.

"'The Chautauqua work has helped me in my school work as nothing else could do. By the articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN I have interested my little scholars in civic improvements. My school has

no library, so THE CHAUTAUQUAN has served as one for the scholars. I also use the books of the course when they will give light on the subjects they are studying. Let it not be thought though I am an individual reader that I am not trying to disperse the light that I can receive from my work. It has given me 'Courage' caused me to fall in 'Love' with my work, however humble it may be, given me 'Strength' for the many conflicts and worries of a country school teacher, and above all things taught me 'Contentment'."

"We want to hear today," said Pendragon, "from the new Y. W. C. A. Circle in St. Louis. This idea of circles in the Y. W. C. A. hasn't been half developed. There ought to be one in every Y. W. C. A. in the country. It would seem an ideal place for a circle, for a small library could be established there always ready for use by the girls at odd times and once a week if one or two bright people from some graduate circle could go and take charge of the circle it would be the greatest possible help and pleasure to many a busy young woman who, tired with a long day's work, needs just this little outside stimulus to encourage her to read." Mrs. Bolt, the president of a very strong circle in St. Louis, then told with enthusiasm of the modest beginnings. "We have started with seven members," she said, "and we meet every week. The girls are taking hold earnestly and we feel sure that the circle is going to be a success. It took time and persistence to get it started but when I realize what splendid work our own and Christ Church circles have been doing these past years, I feel that there is an equally promising outlook in this field. Let me add to what Pendragon has said my suggestion to some of the older circles to find leaders and help start these Y. W. C. A. circles. It is a great opportunity which we ought to improve."

The delegate from the Whitney Circle of New Haven, Connecticut, reported an attendance of twenty-six. "We have several new members," she added, "who are very enthusiastic and make our circle very much alive. The interest in the study of Shakespeare is very strong. The New Haven S. H. G. is also holding regular meetings and our 'Union' held its annual outing in October, which was very much enjoyed."

The Robert Browning Circle of Warren, Ohio, was the next to report. "Our Circle," said the delegate, "has grown from nine to seventy-five members in six years, so I am sure any of the new circles need not be discouraged when they contemplate our present proportions! Our members are all working hard and our weekly meetings are most interesting. Two nights in the month are devoted to study, one night to a public lecture, and one night to a

social gathering. Our president conducts the lessons with the able assistance of the instruction committee. We are reviewing the general periods of English history so as to freshen up our background and it is a pleasure to see how the various features of our study fit into place as we make more clear to ourselves the main developments of English life and thought."

"I should like to report an intensely loyal circle of Chautauquans," gently remarked one of the younger members of the Round Table from Jefferson, Indiana. "There are twelve of us, all but one being recent graduates of our high school. Six are now teachers. We study and recite by the use of the questions in the Membership Book. We are enthusiastic over the books and approve of the new form of THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

"May a circle of three report?" inquired a New Jersey member from Camden. "I'm told we are only a triangle, but I believe in the days when I studied geometry three points could establish a circle so I shall claim the privilege! We are using one set of books between us and meeting every Monday evening to discuss the readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN and take up Cymbeline, studying the notes at the end of each scene. We are delighted with the course and as the first twenty years of my life were spent in England, I serve in some sort as teacher because of my advantages in this respect, though having only three members we dispense with officers!"

"In your study of John Bright, whose home was at Rochdale," said Pendragon, "let me urge you to read with care the article oneers.' If you haven't the *Outlook* in your library you can easily get a copy by sending ten cents to the *Outlook*, New York City. It is the story of a very remarkable coöperative movement and is a cheering record as well as a prophecy in the midst of our present day industrial confusion. It was John Bright who said when our country sent help to the starving Lancashire weavers,

" 'The peoples are drawing together and beginning to learn that it never was intended that they should be hostile to each other but that every nation should take a brotherly interest in every other nation in the world.'

"Let me also give you my annual reminder," he continued, "that you keep a dictionary within reach and use it. Cultivate the habit of thinking clearly. Have you a definite idea of what a *reredos* is when it is mentioned as a prominent feature in church buildings? If you were pressed for a definition of *accolade* could you give it? Such words are a part of what Dr. Hale calls the

language of our time. Our authors use them assuming that we understand English and one element in our education is that of being at home with our own English speech."

The delegate from the Washington Circle of Brooklyn, N. Y., laid a list of books on the table, saying, "We are very much indebted to Miss Donaghy, the librarian of our Flatbush Branch of the public library, for she has taken special pains to secure all of these books bearing on the course for this year. Other circles in Brooklyn who find any difficulty in getting these books can readily secure them from our library because of its connection with the central library system."

"You will remember," said Pendragon, as he glanced over the list, "that we sent to all circles last spring, a printed list of some sixty books relating to the course for this year. Nearly all of these on the Brooklyn list were included in those which we announced and if any of the newer circles would like copies, I think they can still be secured by writing to the Office at Chautauqua. The Washington Circle is to be congratulated upon its success and I hope all the circles will plan to present similar requests to their librarians in the spring when the C. L. S. C. Office sends out its list. You are not only benefiting yourselves but also the community when you enable the librarian to buy such books knowing that a public demand for them is assured."

"I wonder if other circles got identified with the characters in Shakespeare as we did," said the delegate from Maysville, Mo. "We should have considered it rather hard on those members who portrayed Cloten and Iachimo and the Queen, but for the fact that they had a chance for a change of heart when we came to the next play. Our president assigned topics on the play and different ones looked up such subjects as dramatic aspects, parallelism, development of characters, prose and poetry, etc. We all look forward to our semi-monthly meetings with delight."

"I notice in a newspaper clipping," said Pendragon, "that our prison Circle at Stillwater, Minnesota, is holding steadily on its way, furnishing articles nearly every week, and very creditable ones, to the little prison publication *The Mirror*. The motto of the paper; 'it is never too late to mend,' is right in line with the work of the Chautauquans. The C. L. S. C. has always been a close ally of the Y. M. C. A. and I see the delegate from a new Y. M. C. A. Circle in Troy, N. Y., is present; you must hear from him." "We have felt very strongly," replied the secretary, "that our work is so exacting in certain lines that we ought to have some definite plan

to keep us from getting into a rut so our circle is made up of the employed officers of the association and their wives and we fortunately were able to secure one of our ministers to serve regularly as our teacher and leader so he keeps us up to the work. We've tried several lines of reading but from the present outlook the Chautauqua course is going to be just what we want."

"At the other end of the state in Rochester we use the Y. M. C. A. rooms for our meetings but we have a very large circle," explained a member. "There are about fifty-five on our roll and some who are reading outside of the circle. One of our public school principals, Mr. Allen, has led the circle a number of years. We review the lessons by questions and suggest and criticize very freely the various topics brought up for discussion. We find that an occasional social function is a great benefit. It promotes the spirit of the circle and attracts new members. Occasionally we meet at a private house and in the summer have an out-of-door reunion."

News Summary

DOMESTIC.

December 4.—President Roosevelt in message to Congress advocates income and inheritance tax, and fair treatment to aliens. Pacific coast is stirred by the President's insistence upon the rights of Japanese residents under treaty obligations.

13.—Congress passes a resolution putting the ban on "reformed spelling."

14.—Congress raises salaries of cabinet members, vice-president and speaker of house to $12,000.

24.—Serious race disturbances are reported from Meridian, Mississippi.

31.—John D. Rockefeller makes gift of nearly $3,000,000 to University of Chicago.

FOREIGN.

December 10.—The Nobel peace prize is awarded to President Roosevelt for his mediation between Russia and Japan.

11.—Contest between Church and State in France becomes more acute; Mgr. Montagnini, secretary of the papal nunciature at Paris, is expelled from France.

13.—German Reichstag is dissolved when government appropriation for German Southwest Africa is rejected.

14.—Chamber of Deputies accepts King Leopold's beque Congo Free State to Belgium.

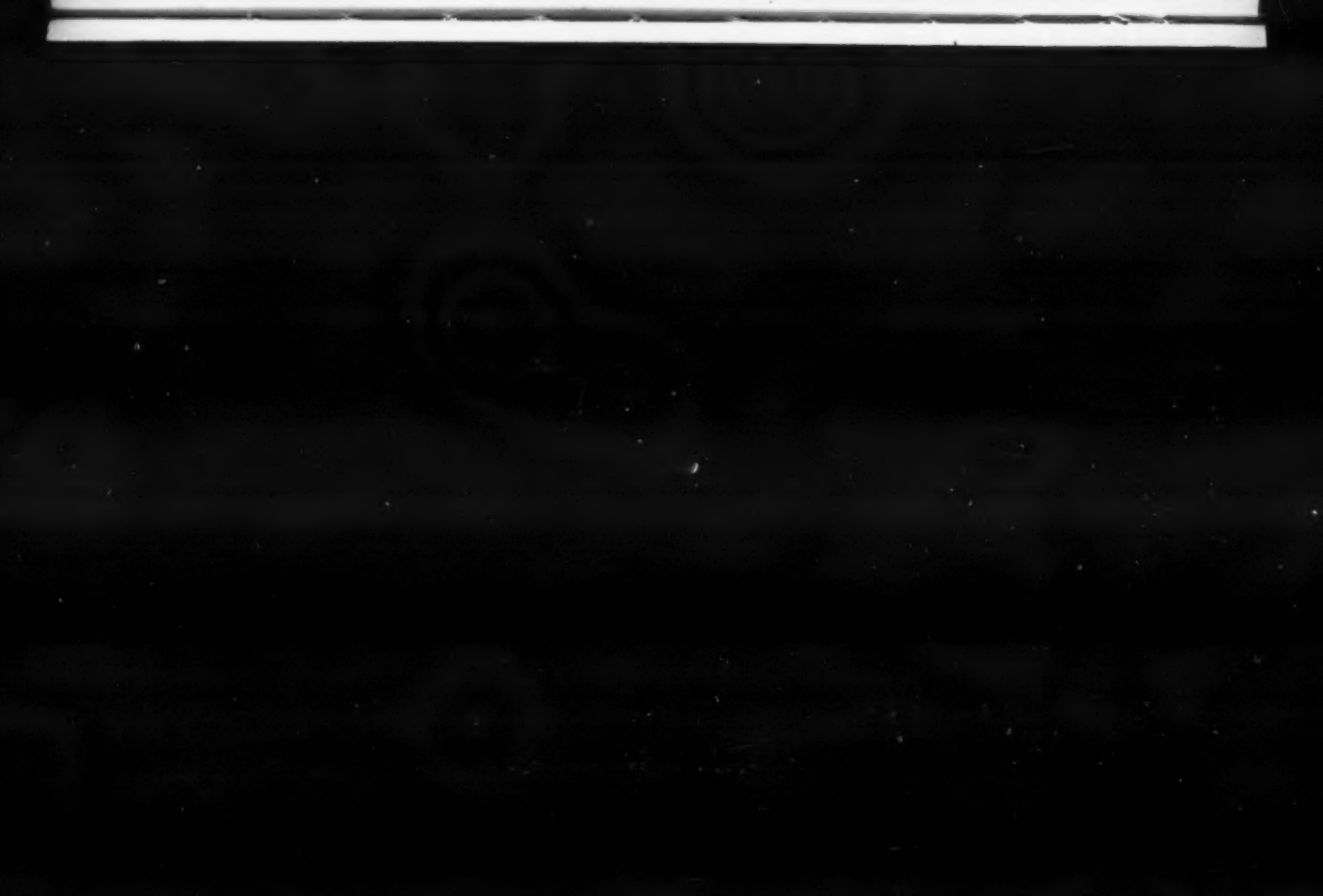
19.—House of Lords refuses to reconsider its amendi to the Education Bill.

OBITUARY.

December 14.—Jeremiah Curtin, distinguished linguist and translator.

19.—Bishop C. C. McCabe of the M. E. Church.

30.—Baroness Burdett-Coutts, London, philanthropist.



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By Chancellor John H. Vincent

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